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THE TWO WISHERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Out in the street, this Winter's day,
A brawny man is shoveling snow;
Steadily there he works away
With muscular arms and face aglow,
Glad to earn a pittance for pay,
Shoveling off the snow.

Unto eyes that can only see
The tangible outward, here is one
Who suffers the stings of poverty,
Who wearily drudges from sun to sun,
Whose shackled hours are never free,
Whose work is never done.

For ragged he is, and scantily clad,
And one would be willing to hazard the guess
That meat and bread are not to be had
By him and his in plenteousness;
For all his life he has shoveled through
The drifts of want and distress.

Yet a keener vision might detect
Some priceless things which belong to him:
Muscles of iron, a form erect,
An eye that is never glazed or dim,
And the rich, hot blood of perfect health
Coursing through body and limb.

Now, across the street from the shoveler stands
A stately mansion, built of stone,
And there, in the window, with folded hands,
A pale-faced man looks out alone—
Looks out at the laborer over the way,
At the snow his shovel has thrown.

Exotic plants in the window bloom,
Shut in by curtains of finest lace,
And scattered about the spacious room
Are all things which befit the place;
A poor man might subsist a year
On the cost of that Sevres vase.

Resting a moment, the shoveler sees
The face in the window across the street,
And he thinks: "Could I live like that, at my ease,
With nothing to do and plenty to eat,
With money and servants and all at command,
Then surely would life be sweet!"

And he wearily sighs as he turns again
To the work unfinished that waits his hands;
But his sigh is echoed in sharper pain
By him who has called it forth, who stands
Watching the laborer, while he thinks;
"Houses and money and lands—

"All that I have of power or wealth—
I would freely give it I could but know
The rarer riches of strength and health;
Yes, all on the laborer there I'd bestow,
If I, like him, could go out in the street,
And shovel off the snow!"

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F DE NYSE.

Entered in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1879.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"If I had wished to be separated from you forever, Aymeric, I should not have written you the invitation to come here. Let me detail you the plan I have invented, by which we may meet frequently without incurring any danger."

"What dangers can there be?"

"Why, I must not be compromised. It is known I am married, and who is my husband. Here is my plan: Every night you may pass through this street. When you see a light through the green curtain of the upper window you may give the signal, and I will open the gate."

Aymeric took her hand gently in his, and kissed it in token of assent. Christiane continued:

"So, it is agreed? Whenever I can receive you, the light of the lamp will make that fact known to you. If you do not see it many nights, do not let that worry you. It happens sometimes that I have to do the honors of my husband's house. This, where I dwell, you know, is only an off-building; and often I am obliged to accompany him to dinner-parties and to public receptions."

Aymeric frowned and heaved a sigh.

"It is my duty," continued Christiane, "and I do it faithfully. But as I dress now, so I dress on all occasions. You see, therefore, that I do not forget that France is in mourning."

The Baron noticed now for the first time that Christiane was clad entirely in black.

"Aymeric," said she, "it is time we part."

"Accept first this ring, which I purchased for you on my arrival," said the Baron.

Christiane held out her white hand, on which he noticed there was no jewel or ornament of any kind, and Candeil slipped the ring on the third finger. When they had reached the gate Christiane paused a moment before unbolting it.

"Where will you find lodgings at this late hour?" she asked.

"Everywhere. The night is almost past, and at the worst I can wait till daylight comes."

"What! wander about the streets of Paris these troublous times?"

"Yes. What have I to fear? I have two good pistols and a poniard of English make. With them I could rout all the cowardly patrols of the Directory. And as I am laden with enough guineas and bank-notes to buy the entire Directory at need, I shall not suffer, never fear."

"Go, then, Aymeric, and Heaven guard you!" said Christiane.

The Baron pressed her hand to his lips, and, stepping into the street, he heard the heavy bolts shot in their sockets. Now, then, where was he to seek a shelter?

To wander about the city till daylight, he began to think, notwithstanding his brave words, was a very dangerous way of occupying the time. A cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the famous bottle-green coat, though very fine to look at, was very thin, and let in the cold very easily. The young nobleman began to shiver. He could not think of hunting for the residence of his new friend, George Salvaic, at this late hour. He could not apply for lodgings at some hotel to run the risk of some Government spy making a demand for his papers or information as to his identity. He was standing in front of the gateway, deliberating thus, when suddenly he thought he detected a human form gliding along the wall in the darkness.

Before he had time to fly or put himself in an attitude of defense, he received a severe blow from a stick on his right hand, which he had instinctively extended. He bounded back, and his first movement was to draw forth his pistol to put a bullet through the unknown ruffian who had assailed him. A sudden thought flashed across his mind. A pistol-shot and a deadly struggle before Christiane's door would alarm the neighborhood, and possibly might bring disgrace on her. Under the circumstances, the Baron considered it no disgrace to fly; so he took to his heels before his enemy could renew the assault, and darted away nimbly enough. He did not stop until he reached the middle of the Pont Royal, when, finding that he was no longer pursued, he paused to regain his breath and to rend the air with curses on the Jacobin knave who had stricken him so sorely, for his hand had begun to pain him severely by this time, and had swollen considerably. If any belated pedestrian with a red cap had passed that way just then, it would have gone hard with him indeed, for the Baron was in a killing humor. But not a soul was stirring. Everything was quiet, and the streets were deserted. To make matters worse, the rain began to come down in torrents.

A sudden idea led him to return to the Palais Royal, where he was sure that the dissipations of Paris were maintained all night. There it was that he had first met Liardot, and thither the latter should be most likely to go to meet him again. The Baron did not think, however, of having told him of his intention to make a midnight visit to his lady-love. If he had recalled that fact, he might have doubted that the guide would return to the place of the first rendezvous.

CHAPTER V.—THE MIDNIGHT TRIAL.

Notwithstanding the advanced hour, there were crowds of promenaders still in the galleries, and among these Candeil wandered in the vain hope of meeting his guide.

The crowd at this late hour had altered its aspects as well as its components. The merchants and traders were gone, and the moving crowd that was left was the grand army of vice passing in frantic procession in fierce pursuit of pleasure. Vagabonds, thieves, courtiers, and all classes of pleasure-seekers swarmed in the grand galleries. Knots of brazen young women, dressed in robes of transparent lawn, their heads covered with flowers and feathers, and wearing buskins, the strings of which were attached to a band of gold about the naked leg, flittered in and out of every hole and corner of the place. From the illuminated cellars of this devil's castle, the music, to which immodest dancers tripped, blared out to the upper and purer air.

The Baron contemplated this infernal scene with an interest and amusement which was explained by his long sojourn on the dreary and melancholy banks of the Thames. The diversion occasioned by the scene, however, did not make him forget to regard the passers-by with the eye of one accustomed to recognize an enemy from afar. He satisfied himself first of all, and with a lively satisfaction, that he did not attract undue attention. His black collar, even, which was in itself almost an anti-Governmental protest, was unnoticed in this wild confusion.

But Liardot did not show himself. Candeil searched every nook, every resort of the place, but in vain. He noticed finally that the crowd of promenaders was thinning out, and that several of the cafes and dancing-halls were closing. The Baron very justly reasoned that it would not be long, if he remained, before he would be left the only promenader of the place. To risk this possibility was a certain means of getting into the hands of some band of robbers who prowled the deserted galleries to prey on the insensible inebriates, or, worse still, to find himself in the custody of the police when they made their rounds. He therefore walked off briskly through one of the many narrow passages leading out, expecting to make his exit near the point where he had entered.

The passage was not well lighted, and he had not traversed it for a greater distance than twenty feet when he felt himself jostled by the shoulder of a man. He turned quickly about, but before he could defend himself two herculean arms were clasped tightly about him, and held him so tightly that he could hardly breathe. This astonishing capture was executed with a precision almost mechanical. It seemed as if he had fallen into the clutches of one of those statues which tradition says the tyrants of ancient times cunningly devised to crush their chosen victims. He only had time to give vent to one savage imprecation, even, before a wooden gag was thrust roughly in his mouth. The next moment he felt a bandage tied over his eyes, and a stout rope twined about his body from his legs to his shoulders impeded the action of his feet, and confined his arms tightly to his sides. A minute had not passed and here he was, tied up like a package of goods. The band of unknown enemies who had so speedily and effectually taken possession of his body had not spoken a word. It was, therefore, clear that each had had his part assigned to him in advance. The poor Baron raged and fumed and struggled under his restraints as best he could. But he only wore out his strength without any result. De Candeil, the conspirator and the plotter against a powerful Government, thus found himself in a moment bound hand and foot, and lying helpless in the hands of his enemies; and all was the result of his rash impetuosity and imprudence.

"I have only suffered what I deserve!"

This was the first thought that came to his bewildered brain. He felt himself raised carefully by several of his captors, and after being carried a short distance was thrown into a coach. Two men entered the vehicle with him, and it rolled rapidly away, but in what direction he could not guess. After a short but furious ride the carriage stopped, the door opened and he was carried out as carefully, he thought, as if he were already a corpse. What was his crime? He could not imagine. Into whose hands had he fallen? That was a mystery. His captors numbered surely four, and he thought he could distinguish the footsteps of a fifth. He noticed that none of his captors left him to take charge of the carriage, but that they left it standing where it had stopped, for his quick ear did not detect the sounds it would have made if it had been driven off. From this he reasoned that his captors were on ground that was their own, and had no fear that the vehicle would prove a guide to betray to the friends of their prisoner the course they had led him. They seemed to be carrying down steps or at least down an inclined plane, for the motion he felt was unmistakably downward. This continued for five minutes; then they laid him down and rested a while, and he heard a heavy door swing on rusty hinges. Then he was raised again and carried forward through a narrow passage-way, for he heard the clothes of the men who carried him scraping against the wall. Then there was another brief pause to await the opening of another door. A blast of warm air swept over the Baron's face, and at the same time a confused hum of many voices came to his ears. His captors raised him to a perpendicular position once more, and he felt himself placed in a sitting position on a chair.

"Unbind the prisoner and take off the bandages," said a stern voice.

The order was obeyed with the same wonderful promptness that had marked his capture. Candeil recovered the use of his eyes, tongue and limbs at once. At first he was bewildered by the scene that met his gaze. Above him was a high vault of solid masonry, from which hung an immense lamp, which spread mysterious light about the place. Before him, on a high platform, were seated seven strangely-attired persons, all wearing masks. They were clad in long, white robes, with a black cape which reached down only to the shoulders. And, finally, and less reassuring than the other peculiarities of the scene, a rope with a hangman's noose at its end dangled from the roof in front of the platform on which the mysterious figures were seated.

Four men, attired like the judges, in black and white—probably the four who had borne him thither—held the end of the dangling rope, and appeared eagerly ready to swing the victim of the judges off into eternity. It was the Baron's first care to present to his unknown judges a calm exterior. He began by casting a careful look of contempt over the assemblage and the entire paraphernalia of the scene, and his lips disdainfully let fall the question:

"What do you want with me?"

"You shall soon know, Baron Aymeric de Candeil," answered a man who now appeared among the judges, and who was distinguished from them by wearing a red instead of a white robe.

"Ah! You know my name, I see," said the accused with a provokingly cool air.

"Both your name and the mission that brings you back to France," said the masked accuser.

"Indeed! Then you know more than I do, for I did not know the exact object of my mission. I only obeyed orders," said the Baron contemptuously.

He was convinced that they were trying to lead him into a snare, and he said to himself:

"If these imbeciles imagine that their masquerade can frighten me, and that they can get any confessions out of me, they are very much mistaken."

"You came into Paris last evening at eight o'clock?" continued the examining judge.

"That is possible."

"What did you come for?"

"I might very justly answer that it is none of your business; but I will tell you this much—I came to Paris simply to amuse myself; but I have not succeeded very well in doing so until the present moment."

"So you acknowledge you returned to Paris only to seek the pleasures that were denied you while you were a refugee."

"Just exactly what I would have you understand."

"Very well. Oblige us with a statement of what you did after you left the Palais Royal with a man who met you before the Cafe Velloni."

"That I shall not do. I do not recognize your right to question me in regard to my acts."

"But if we prove we have the right, would you answer then?"

"Perhaps. But I inform you in advance that there is only one authority in this world to which I will bow."

"And what is that?"

"The authority of King Louis the Eighteenth, my sovereign."

This boldness made a sensation among the masked men on the platform. They whispered together for a time; then one of them, turning to Candeil, said:

"You declare you will obey only the King; but are you quite sure you have not betrayed him this very night?"

This question threw Candeil into confusion at first, but he managed to summon an evasive answer to his aid:

"I have betrayed no one," said he, "and I am prepared to prove it before the proper tribunal."

"You are before your brothers, who have become your judges."

"Am I? Well, citizen, you must pardon me if I say I do not understand you now any better than before."

"There are no 'citizens' here, monsieur. This is the chief council of the Black Band, which has been waiting for you since nine o'clock in the evening, and which now commands you to speak and render account of how you have employed your time."

The Baron was taken by surprise on hearing this declaration. Of all things in the world, the thought had never come to him that he had been captured and made a prisoner by the very organization he was trying to reach. He was not to be so easily duped, however. The police had probably been informed of his mission, and had gotten up this scene of mummery to trick him into confessing all he knew.

"It isn't badly planned for *sans culottes*," thought he; "but I shall let them see that I'm a deal keener than even they are."

"You have heard? Speak! What have you to say in justification of your conduct?" asked the man in red.

"In justification of what conduct?" asked Aymeric! "And this council of the Black What-do-you-call-it—what does it all mean?"

"Give him the watchword and the sign of recognition," said the presiding officer.

The man in red drew from his pocket a piece of metal which he held between his fingers in such fashion that its shadow was cast upon the wall of the vault, showing in black silhouettes the outlines of the features of the late King and Queen. At the same time he slowly articulated the phrase:

"The half of thirty-four is seventeen."

Candeil was not convinced. These people had probably overheard him pass the countersign, and had witnessed his display of the shadow portraits of the King and Queen. He required more serious proofs to throw him off his guard.

"Well, messieurs, all this is Hebrew to me," said he, affecting an air of profound astonishment.

"Brother Onesine," said the presiding officer, "take this letter and allow the prisoner to cast his eyes over it."

One of the men who were holding the rope left his companions in obedience to this command, and, taking a paper from the hand of his superior, bearing a very large seal in black wax, held it before Aymeric's eyes for his inspection. As the Baron read, his eyes opened wider and wider in astonishment, his face grew flushed and his lips feverish. The letter was simply the announcement from the secret committee in London to the committee in Paris that they had sent to the latter a trusted emissary known as the Baron Candeil. Nothing was wanting in the document to prove its genuineness, neither the seal of the London committee nor the signature of its officers.

But Candeil was a very cautious man. Suppose this paper had simply been found by the police? This might be, but the proofs were powerful enough to unseal his lips, and he said:

"Well, messieurs, you have given me proofs that you have a very strange way of receiving your brethren, and I think a man who has been bound hand and foot, blindfolded and gagged, and thus dragged into your presence, has every excuse in the world for taking a long time for reflection before speaking freely with you. I am no sorcerer, and if you cannot make me a clear and satisfactory explanation you must not blame me if I hold my tongue. What would you say of me if I were to tell you all I know on the first demand, and without knowing whether you are the Black Band, as you call yourselves, or agents of the Directory?"

"True, he is right," said two or three of the judges in a low tone of voice.

"We appreciate your motives," said the president, "and I will add that the committee of London have highly commended your courage and intelligence."

"I am much obliged for your good opinion," said the Baron with a slight tone of irony in his speech; "but permit me to ask you how you treat your enemies, if, as in my case, you receive your friends with the hangman's noose and all the preparations for execution?"

"Do you not yet understand that you have been brought here to answer a grave accusation? The treatment which you complain of has been caused only by the suspicions which rest upon you."

"On me? I suspected? And of what, I pray you?"

"During the brief time you have been in Paris you have seriously neglected your important duties," said the man in red.

"Ah! Is that it? Will you be kind enough to tell me how?"

"Your instructions were to go at once straight to the Palais Royal, where a brother would be waiting for you at a designated spot."

"Exactly; and I did not fail to carry out those instructions to the letter."

"Well, you were to follow this brother, who was to guide you to us."

"I was."

"Very well. Now, then, do you pretend that you have fulfilled that part of your obligation?"

"I followed the brother, and if I lost him on the way it was not my fault."

"What! Do you pretend to deny that you rushed into the midst of a brawl that the plainest common sense should have counseled you to avoid? Will you refuse to acknowledge that the brother, who was too cautious to engage in the quarrel, waited for you until he was driven away, and you then took advantage of his absence to disappear?"

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the Baron with amazing coolness. "You are not concise in your declarations, and your choice of words is not guided by the best judgment. It is true I interfered to prevent a ruffianly mob maltreating a few silly but helpless women; but I deny that I voluntarily abandoned my companion. On the contrary, I did everything I could to find him again. If he was afflicted with fright and took to his heels at the prospect of danger, I ought not to be held responsible for his cowardice."

"You would do better to defend yourself than to waste breath in accusing a man who is above suspicion," said the president sternly. "The brother did what was right. After looking for you in vain, he ran here and informed us. On this news I gave the order for your pursuit. They thought, since you had no lodgings in Paris, you would probably return to the Palais Royal; and they were not in error, for there they found you after midnight."

"Correct," said Aymeric; "but these gentlemen might have saved themselves a great deal of trouble by a few words. If they had only given me the signal, I would have gladly come with them."

"Listen!" said the president gravely. "The aim of our association is too important to allow the least dereliction of duty on the part of its members to pass unnoticed. What can be thought of an agent, to whom have been confided the interests of a sacred cause, who, on the most frivolous excuse, exposes himself to the danger of falling into the hands of the police, thus sacrificing the cause and compromising his brethren?"

The Baron did not answer, but dropped his defiant gaze and bowed his head.

"And yet," continued the president, "unworthy as it is, such has been your conduct. You have in your possession concise written instructions, full lists of the conspirators—enough information to destroy our plans and to send us to the guillotine, every man of us."

"But all the papers I have are in cipher, and everyone has not the key of it," said the Baron mildly.

"A feeble excuse! What secret correspondence that has yet fallen into the hands of the authorities have they failed to decipher as far as suited their ends? But this was only the result of carelessness, and we can afford to pass it by with a caution. What you did after the quarrel in which you engaged so recklessly was much more serious."

Aymeric trembled when he was reminded of what had happened after the time they had named.

"The brother who was to have guided you lost you at about ten o'clock; those who sought you did not find you until long after midnight. You do not deny the hours I have named?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, tell us what did you do in this long interval of time?"

"What matters it what I did?"

"I have particular reasons for asking this question."

"And I have no reasons in particular for not answering, only I am somewhat puzzled, for a promenade through the streets of Paris is likely to leave but indistinct ideas of events. I wandered aimlessly about until the rain came on, and then I hastened back for shelter under the arcades of the Palais Royal."

"Indeed! But can you not state in detail the streets you traversed on your way?"

"Indeed I cannot. It is four years since I was in Paris last, and things have changed considerably during my absence."

"It is strange you should so soon forget a city where you lived so long, and with which you must have preserved some relations."

"Relations? I? And with whom, pray? My father was murdered at L'Abbage, and all my friends have been guillotined. Unless you think I have bonds of amity with the unwashed citizens who burrow in the Luxembourg, I do not know who you can mean."

"I regret to be forced to state that you do not speak the truth, monsieur," interrupted the president.

"You may insult me, monsieur, with impunity, for I am a prisoner," replied Candeil, the blood mounting to his forehead and his voice trembling with repressed passion.

"We are not considering points of honor now," said the president. "I am your judge, and I charge you to explain yourself."

"Explain myself!—on what?"

"Is it true, yes or no, that you intended, after you had performed your mission, to pay a visit to a woman, your mistress, who has not left Paris during the Terror, and with whom you have not ceased to correspond during your residence in England?"

Aymeric turned deathly pale.

"Answer!" said the president sternly.

"I know not who has taken the trouble to tell you that," replied the prisoner, "but in the main what you state is true. I intended to call at midnight on a lady—not a mistress, but a friend of my youth."

"And do you consider it prudent for an agent confided with a secret political mission to find asylum in the house of a woman who has more or less the possession of his affections?"

"But I did not find an asylum there. Did you not find me wandering about the Palais Royal? What does that fact prove?"

"It proves simply that this woman feared to compromise herself by giving you shelter in her house."

"Well, you may think what you please; it matters little to me," said the Baron, recovering his defiant air.

"We suspect that you have confided your secrets, or a part of them, to this woman, and fear that all our lives may depend this very moment on the caprice of her who received your visit this night."

"Well, well, messieurs, you must be very simple," said Candeil. "Do you suppose a man when he becomes a conspirator must cease to be a man? Must one absolutely forswear flirtations and love-making and all sorts of gallantries in order to overthrow the Republic?"

"What we wish to know is what passed at your interview to-night, and how far we are compromised to this woman who received your visit."

"Suppose I deny that I visited her to-night?"

"We intend to prove it first, so that you cannot deny it," said the president. Then, turning to the man in red, he said: "Brother, your proofs."

The latter, who had been seated during the long examination of the prisoner, now arose.

"Messieurs," said he, "this man cannot deny having visited this woman after he has been submitted to the test that I am about to propose. No sooner had he arrived at the Palais Royal, than he, against the advice of the brother who was to have been his guide, entered a jeweler's shop, and there purchased a ring, to be offered as a New-Year's gift to his mistress. Have him searched. If the ring is not found in his possession, it is because he has given it to her."

"What! may I not have lost it?" said Candeil.

"You acknowledge, then, that it is not in your possession?"

"Yes, of course I do. And now I hope you will not bother me any longer with your questions. I visited a lady, it is true; I went to give her a present and to wish her a happy New Year. If that is a hanging matter, in your opinion, then I think that Barras and his Republic, 'one and undivided,' had better be made a perpetual institution."

"The case can only be extenuated by your giving the name of the lady," said the president.

"Her name?" cried Aymeric. "Do you imagine I am going to give you that?"

"We don't imagine—we demand it."

"Indeed! And do you suppose I am going to betray a lady because it pleases you to suspect me? Well, well, you must think me a contemptible creature."

"It is your duty to sacrifice every personal feeling in the service of the King."

"All but my honor, messieurs. For the King I am willing to sacrifice my life and fortune, but I will not descend to an act of villainous cowardice, even for his Majesty. For him who dares to ask me such a thing I have no answer but unbounded scorn."

"You talk as if we still lived at the Court of Versailles," said the president in a frowning tone. "To-day France struggles in the agonies of death, and, while we strive to save her, chivalry is out of place among us. We are all devoted to a perilous work, and every minute of the day and night our lives are in jeopardy. We must therefore be controlled by invariable rules, and he who refuses to submit to them must be regarded as a traitor. You must obey blindly or die! Choose!"

"That ends all dispute, then," said the Baron coldly, and turning very pale.

"You consent?"

"I refuse!"

A shudder ran through the assemblage.

"I will state," said the president, "if you consent to give the name of this woman, it will be held as a sacred secret by all here present. She will be simply watched by our spies, in order that we may be assured she shall do us no harm."

"Enough!" cried Aymeric imperiously. "That is the excuse of a base-born dog! Be assured, I take no advantage of it!"

"I must add that death is not a mere menace. If you persist in concealing from us the name we demand, you will be surely condemned to the punishment reserved for those who are traitors to our cause, and that punishment will be inflicted on the instant."

"Very well; if it must be, it must. But I would prefer that a pistol-shot or the stroke of a poniard should put an end to me."

"No; it is the law of the Black Band, and it cannot be changed."

"Hang me, then, like a dog, if you will. I will not regret my lost life when it is to be passed in the company of such men as the conspirators with whom I have allied myself."

Aymeric cast an angry, defiant look about him, and was silent. It was his determination not to utter another word.

The scene now took a decidedly tragic turn. The four executioners who had charge of the rope began a preparation, the object of which was easily detected. They hoisted and lowered the noose a number of times in order to assure themselves that the rope ran smoothly through the iron ring in the ceiling through which it was passed. At the same time Candeil observed that several of the lamps had diminished considerably. The judges had left their seats, and were now standing together at the opposite side of the apartment. Aymeric could not hear what they were saying, but he judged from the earnestness of their gestures that they were arguing on some very important subject.

Presently the judges returned and resumed their places, while the man in red approached the executioners. He whispered a few words, and two of them seized on Aymeric and tied his feet and hands. He did not deign to utter a word. This done, they took him by the arms and carried him to the place where the fearful noose was dangling. Here the other two tied the bandage over his eyes again.

He felt the noose slipped over his head and drawn tightly about his neck.

A voice broke the solemn stillness. It was that of the president:

"Baron de Candeil, there is still time to save your life. Will you reveal the name?"

Aymeric simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Reflect. If you refuse, you have but a moment to live."

"It is useless. Don't torture me thus. Finish your work like Christians, promptly and mercifully."

But the president paid no attention to this request. He continued:

"You are willing to die to save your mistress from discovery. Foolish boy! The ring she wears—your gift—will betray her. The Black Band will seek her wherever she may be, and your fate will be hers. Speak now, and you both may live."

"You justify my suspicions. I am willing to die rather than live in association with wretches who boast of murdering women."

A long silence succeeded this defiant reply. Again the same voice arose in low and solemn accents:

"Baron de Candeil, have you a last wish to express?"

"No."

"Have you no relative or friend ——"

"None; I am alone in the world. If you wish, when you write to the committee in London, you may say I brought you the papers and the money safely, that I died like a brave man and a soldier, and that you killed me like a pack of fools, as you are."

A howl of rage greeted this imprudent speech. But Aymeric was desperate and hopeless, and a wild, mocking laugh burst from his lips. The solemn voice of the president broke the ominous silence that ensued:

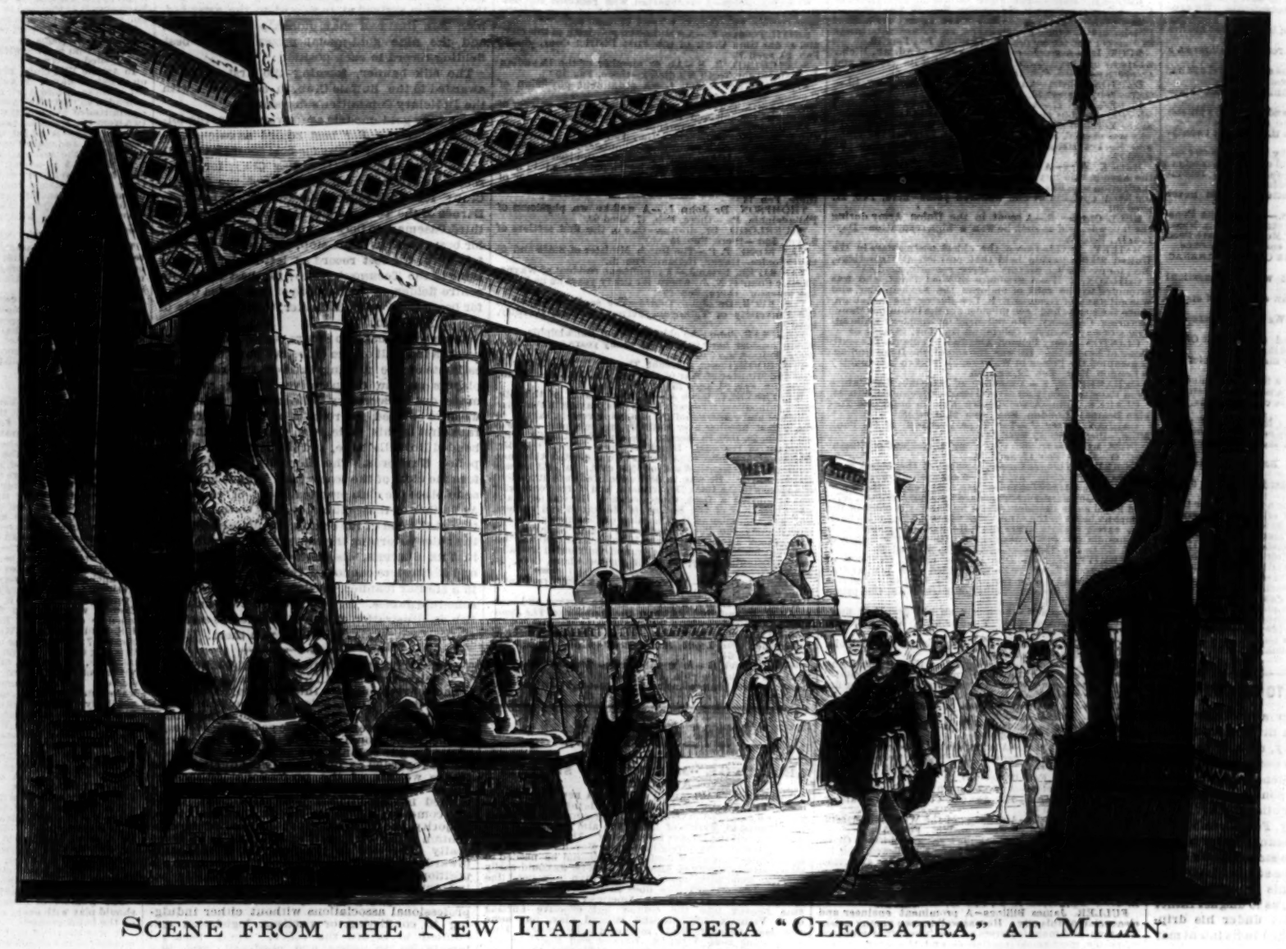
"You have a minute to make your peace with Heaven."

Aymeric, in the wild life he had lived, had quite forgotten the religious lessons of his boyhood, but still he prayed.

The minute was terribly long. He waited and prayed, in anticipation of the fearful tightening of the noose. He could not feel the rope about his neck now. He was losing all sensation. No. There was a sudden relaxation of the cords about his ankles and wrists. His hands and feet were free. The rope was no longer about his neck. He was about to tear the bandage from his eyes when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a familiar voice (not that of the chief of the Black Band) whispered in his ear:

"Silence! Follow me; and if you do not wish to have a poniard driven to your heart on the instant, do not attempt to remove the bandage."

TO BE CONTINUED.



SCENE FROM THE NEW ITALIAN OPERA "CLEOPATRA," AT MILAN.

"CLEOPATRA."

Scene from the New Italian Opera.

The illustration presented on this page is a scene from the opera of "Cleopatra," from the adaptation of Manzoni, by Cosea, recently put upon the stage in Milan with such magnificent effect, and splendidly dressed for "business" and for picturesque effect. The scene we give is in Act II, and represents the Piazza at Alexandria, Egypt, where Sossio and the great Egyptian Queen meet during the religious Festival of Isis, where the speech of Sossio has created a violent outbreak of popular feeling, which Mark Antony hastens to assuage. The whole scene was one of such remarkable beauty and dramatic effect as to excite the most enthusiastic outburst of applause.

BULL-BAITING.—At Wokingham, Surrey, England, bull-baiting was kept up until 1821. In 1822, when the anti-Cruelty-to-animals Act passed, it was decided by the corporation to abolish the custom, and the Alderman with his officers walked in procession and solemnly pulled up the bull-ring, which from time immemorial had been fixed in the market-place. The meat of the two animals set apart for the baiting was, however, distributed all the same. In 1826 the mob seized one of these animals and baited him in the market-place; but Mr. Bergh will be glad to learn that the ring-leaders in this enterprise were sent to Reading jail.

A CLOCK made entirely of bread has lately been received in Milan, Italy, from Pera. It was constructed by an Italian, who, having no means of purchasing material, saved a portion of the soft part of his daily bread for the purpose. He solidified it with a certain salt, which rendered it very hard and insoluble in water. The clock keeps good time, and the case, also of hardened bread, displays artistic talent.

THE LEAVES THAT NEVER FALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The leaves were falling through the blonde September
From rose-bush, hedge and tree;
Their glory on their branches they remember
Ere Summer ceased to be.

Of gray November and of white December
The leaves insinuate;
The branches bare, their glory still remember,
Which early fell, or late.

And, standing 'mid the leaves, or dead, or dying—
The many-colored leaves!—
I hear (or seem to hear) a wistful crying,
As from ungathered sheaves.

Each branch will soon be leafless, and the Year,
Like an old book unbound,
Will, page by page, appear and disappear,
While arts are lost and found.

And I, a bookworm, con these leafy pages—
Hieroglyphics rare!
Lessons have they for Solomons and Sages,
Talmuds and Korans they're.

Sapwise they rise and bud and bloom and—fall;
But there are other leaves,
Perennial and perfect, one and all,
Better than gathered sheaves!

For they are for the healing of the nations,
As manna was for food;
To sinners they were new revelations,
And more than flesh and blood.

And as the raised writing for the blind
Seems vision to recall,
So in the Scriptures' foliage we find
The leaves that never fall.

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

THE CIRCUS:

MAKING READY, ETC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY F. W.

The thermometer at zero and blinding snow-storms are not very gentle reminders of green fields and scorching sun, yet "the world moves around," and time and tide wait for no man. Realizing this, managers, artists and others who go forth in the Spring-time to gather in a bountiful harvest of dollars seize time by the forelock, and as a consequence the present is a busy season with them. The manager is planning and laying out a new route, discovering new towns where he hopes "they are just hungry for a circus," devising and inventing new attractions to amuse and instruct, and attending to the thousand and-one things which only a manager knows anything about.

The press-agent, if he is secure for the season, should sleep peacefully with a Webster's Unabridged beneath his pillow and his head bound with a half-sheet descriptive of last season, which will inspire him to wield the pen in a brilliant and masterly manner.

The band-leader, in addition to his already large library of music (which he confidently informs us contains the best arrangement of reels and jigs for the tumbling and the best grand marches for the entree), is hard at work composing new and taking melodies to charm the rural patrons.

The painters, harness-makers, canvas-makers and other craftsmen are displaying their ingenuity and ability, and the show will commence the season as bright as a new dollar.

Just now is the proper time to rave about the circus of the olden time, of the old-time performers, etc. Twenty years, ago could they produce an equestrian that could turn a twister or a forward-somersault on the bare back of a horse? Did the gymnasts attempt a head-to-head balance, a forward spotter on the shoulders, the half flip-flap, and many other feats and tricks our acrobats of to-day accomplish? It is said that the clowns of years ago must have been the best, as many to-day still use the same gags and funny business. I think that a comparison between the clown of the past and the present would result very favorably to the clown of the period, many of whom, from Billy Fay down, have proved that they are capable of much greater things, being men of good education and sound sense, and some of them aspiring to a higher walk in life, even going as far as to desire to be President of these United States.

A well-known clown, a few years ago, dropped the motley for a time and entered mercantile circles. One evening, being present at a gathering of high-toned business men, he overheard a group discussing his history, one of whom exclaimed: "Oh, he was nothing but a clown!" Our friend of the arena very quickly silenced him by inquiring: "Wasn't I a good clown?" To play the fool and play it successfully requires more brains than are usually credited to a fool.

Twenty years ago, could they produce a leaper who would turn a double-somersault over five elephants? Was there ever five elephants exhibited in one establishment? Did the performer or musician of those times put himself in his little birth in the sleeping-car, and sleep peacefully all night while the show was rapidly accomplishing a fifty or hundred mile jump? Or did they nod and keep nodding in a hard-riding wagon while it was making an all-night jump of thirty miles over a rough country-road?

In '76 O'Brien's Circus exhibited in Hudson, N. Y., and shortly after the evening's performance they started for Albany, intending to arrive there early the next morning; but on the next morning several circus-wagons drove into Hudson, and a driver, accosting an early riser, inquired: "What town is this?" "Hudson," was the reply. "Hudson! The devil! We showed there last night." Upon discovering their mistake they left town like a drove of wild mustangs, and kept on the right track for about an hour, and then turned off on a road leading directly back to where they started from. They did not arrive in Albany till afternoon.

Last Summer (I dislike to speak "out loud," and will simply say) the Blank Circus and Menagerie band contained a German who, after a too free indulgence in beer and bologna, perhaps, was, as an Englishman would say, a little "daft," but, being an excellent musician, he was retained. On leaving the cars in the morning he would mentally make a note of the street-corners and all the street-names, so that at night he could find his way back; but in a few hours, in the excitement, he would forget his way from the depot (or half-hour inquiry: "Vas dime vas neck ready? Vere is de hotel?" Immediately after the evening performance he would seize gripsack in one hand, violin-box in the other, and alto-horn under his arm, and then set out all alone for the train. With the thermometer among the nineties, and sometimes a mile-and-a-half walk before him, he would enjoy himself for an hour or two, to astonish amusement for everyone he met by inquiring: "Vich vay is de drain, der circus-drain?" He usually arrived at the yard as the train was just leaving; and the way that German boarded the train was laughable. The small boy offered to show him the train for a consideration. He finally discovered, however, that by following a circus-wagon he would be under obligations to no one.

There never was a time since the Flood that the world had so much and such good amusement and variety as at present. The fact is, the public have been surfeited with so many good things and so many wonders that they fail to realize what a vast amount of amusement is prepared for them.

The number of companies on the road the coming season will probably be smaller than ever before since the war—there will be no crowding and very little opposition; consequently, managers may look forward to a prosperous and successful campaign.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

CLIPPERITE, New Rochelle.—1. The only fight in which Chris. Lilly figured as a principal before he met Tom McCoy was that with Joe Murphy, which took place at Kingsbridge, N. Y., July 15, 1867, Lilly winning in ten rounds, lasting seventeen minutes. The fight between Lilly and McCoy took place Sept. 13, 1842. 2. Johnny Broome (Young Ducrow) beat Chas. Spilsbury, Galler, Charley Jones, McGinty, Joe Bostock, Tom Ellis, Bill Howell, Jack Hannan and Sturgeon, and fought a draw with Jack Hall, the last-mentioned still boasting Sh. shn. 3. Harry Orme beat Aaron Jones (twice) and Nat Langham, and was defeated by Harry Broome.

C. G., Selma.—The rules in the recent tournament were, with one exception, those of the Colleader "championship of the world," or Challenge Cup games. The rule as to forcing a cue-ball off the table was the same in that tournament as it has always been in the three-ball carom game—whether here, except on a pocket-table—the other balls were not touched, and the cue-ball was played from the spot at any ball, in or out of the string. The new rules, to go in operation on the 1st April next, require the striker to play at a ball outside, the red ball, if necessary, to be placed on its spot for that purpose.

WARREN, Baltimore.—1. The Great Eastern was launched in January, 1858. 2. She is probably owned by a company, and all the arrangements she was lying idle in English waters. Glass, Elliott & Co. bought her in March, 1864. 3. When she last returned from here to England, she was libelled by the seamen for wages due. This was in May, 1867, and the case was carried into chancery in July. We do not think she was sold to satisfy those claims, for on Feb. 10, 1868, the shareholders held a meeting, at which, however, no dividend was declared.

ROBERT PRICE.—If you refer to the international contest for the Centennial Trophy (Palma), in which teams representing Ireland, Scotland, Australia, Canada and the United States competed, the contest took place at Creedmoor, L. I. So did the second competition for the same trophy, in 1877, when America defeated Great Britain. Last year the American team had a shoot over for the prize on the same ground.

JOHN B., Paterson.—1. You can purchase burnt cork of Shannon, Miller & Crane cheaper and better than you can make it. 2. Mix it with a little water, and then rub it on the face and hands. A few cannot change the nature of the material. 4. Soap and water takes it off. 5. We never state the salary any particular performer receives. 6. To New York.

J. W. S., Coaldale.—1. The military dramas that you inquire about cannot be purchased; but their owners will arrange to give performances, and furnish several leading people if required. We have no list of owners. An advertisement would elicit all the information. 2. Have handed your letter to a gentleman who will send you a catalogue of plays. 3. $2 for six months, and $1 for three months.

DON POOL-PLAYER, Kingston.—As it was stipulated that no ball was to be taken from the table, the more reasonable supposition is that in giving B 25 A intended that B should make 43 to his 68. But this is only supposition, as the striker to play at a ball outside, the red ball, if necessary, to be placed on its spot for that purpose.

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THE RING.

PROLONGED GLOVE CONTEST.
Coburn and Goodwin Fight a Drawn Battle.

After two postponements, due on account of police interference, the glove contest between Mike Coburn of New York and Richard Goodwin, alias "Spring Dick" of Philadelphia, for a subscribed purse of two hundred and fifty dollars, was commenced in a hall in this city on Friday evening, Feb. 21. The previous interruption had impressed upon the manager of the affair the importance of observing the utmost secrecy as regarded the time and place of the engagement, and, with a view to the more completely throwing the lynx-eyed members of the local police in the world off the trail, he secured a hall in a quiet, comparatively unfrequented street in the uptown districts. Here there were gathered shortly after eight o'clock a select assembly of five-dollar-a-headers, who squatted on the settees ranged around a square of some feet less than the proper ring dimensions, and prepared to enjoy the festive spectacle. Barring that the floor was waxed to an extent more than commensurate with the requirements of the contestants (which defect was partially remedied by the liberal use of powdered resin), and ropes would have been better than the hard backs of settees with which to inclose the battle-ground, the spot selected seemed to be precisely what was wanted to bring the match to a successful issue. Both men were on hand early, and when all was in readiness they were ushered into the magic square, the cheers which usually hail the coming of the principals in encounters on turf being on this occasion omitted, for good reasons.

Goodwin is an Englishman by birth and parentage, having first opened his eyes in Wirksworth, Derbyshire, March 22, 1842, stands 5 feet 3 inches in height, and in the old country was wont to fight at 112lb. While a youth he fought and defeated Martin Frears, Johnny Dowd and Paddy Welsh for small purses, and his first match, as recorded by "Pistiana," was with George Cheer (who paid a visit to the States some years ago, and while here defeated Punch Hunting), the affair being a "draw" a side, and the mill, which took place at Jackson's Boat, not far from Manchester, ending in a wrangle after they had contested thirty-five rounds, the money being subsequently returned to the men. Jack Dagnall next succumbed to Dick in a scrap for a purse, near Manchester, and his next customer was George Morton, whom he defeated in forty-five minutes, on the banks of the Irwell, for a purse, about 1865. Now comes Goodwin's first engagement of importance, which was with Bill Ingram. The stakes were £25 a side, and the battle, which took place at Barton Moss, near Lancashire, May 15, 1866, resulted in the defeat of Ingram, after fighting 56 minutes, 54 rounds being contested, which shows how fast these gamecocks went about it. Shortly after this Dick polished off a young townsman named Foster, in a room at Manchester, and the following Winter he was matched with Arthur Chambers, for £50, at 115lb, the contest taking place at Acton, near Warrington, Feb. 19, 1867. The superior strength of Chambers gave him a decided advantage on this smaller antagonist during the first hour and a half, and in nearly every round he threw Goodwin. The latter bore it all like a Trojan, fighting on the defensive and saving himself all he could, and when the operations made by Arthur began to tell their tale in failing strength Dick received the office to force the pace, which he did, and soon the whole aspect of affairs was changed, Chambers hanging out signals of distress, and requiring careful nursing, and towards the close the fighting was carried on in the latter's corner. At the close of the 105th round, when the men had been fighting 2 hours and 20 minutes, the "bobbies" made a descent, and all present were obliged to take to their heels in order to preserve their liberty. The men met by appointment next day; but as the referee absented himself from the starting-point, and the bantams were not anxious to renew hostilities, a draw was agreed upon. Goodwin was next pitted against Jack Shore, and they fought for £10 a-side, which they put down, the banks of the Irwell, Jan. 21, 1868, when Dick won at the end of 1 hour 2 min, during which time 36 rounds were contested. The next battle in which Goodwin figured, and his last previously to leaving England, was with Frank Wilson ("Matt Collinson's Mouse"), and was decided Sept. 29, 1868, at Fiddler's Ferry. In this Dick met with his only reverse, being beaten after fighting for upward of 2 hours and 45 minutes. The men were confined to 110lb, the stakes were £50, and the fight came off in the same ring in which Chambers made Dick Scattergood strike his colors. In 1872 Goodwin was presented by some admirers in the Cottonopolis with a feather-weight champion belt, valued at $200, and on March 11 of the following year he seconded Billy Edwards when the latter vanquished W. Hitchin (Fawcett) in a short contest in this city, and the success and prosperity of Chambers in America induced him to undertake a journey across the Atlantic, and he landed in Philadelphia Oct. 4, 1875. He first set-to in public in this country on the 22d of that month at the Grand Central Theatre, in that city, his opponent being Arthur Chambers, and created a favorable impression, as he had previously done in private by his quiet, unobtrusive demeanor. On Nov. 6 following he gave an exhibition in New York, at Harry Hill's, when he put up his hands with his late antagonist Coburn. He was one of Weeden's seconds in the latter's unfortunate battle with Walker, and on Nov. 15, 1876, was locked up for six years' imprisonment in the State-prison at Trenton, N. J., as punishment for the part he took therein. His uniform good behavior while there, however, secured his pardon Dec. 9, 1878, and he was released on benefit at Hill's, his subsequent to which arrangements were made for the glove contest of last week.

Coburn was born of Irish parents on the other side of the blue Atlantic a day in May, 1844, we believe, and stands a trifle over 5ft. 5in. in height. He accompanied his parents from Liverpool to the States when about five years of age, and was reared in what was then the upper part of this city. Like his elder brother Joseph, he took kindly to early developed a fondness for boxing exercise, and when yet a lad showed great proficiency in the use of his hands. As he grew to man's estate he was recognized as one of the most scientific of our light-weights; but he never manifested any very great inclination to court the goddess Fame in the P. R., although rough-and-tumble engagements in which he at times took part afforded indubitable evidence that he possessed both courage and ability to fight. The only ring fight in which he was a principal occurred on May 27, 1868, in the ring which had been prepared for the occasion of the second match between his brother Joe and Mike McCoole, near Cold Spring Station, Ind. It was an impromptu affair, proposed as a means of passing the time until the arrival of the stars of greater magnitude, and Mike's opponent was Patsy Sheppard, who had beaten Con Riordan near St. Louis in May of the preceding year, and who had fought three times in the vicinity of Liverpool, Eng., were they were never defeated. Sheppard was the heavier man by several pounds, and he was likewise stronger, which gave him the only advantage he possessed over his opponent both men being finely sciences. After fighting an hour for the purse made up at the ring side, the contest was stopped by the invasion of the ring, and the money divided. On April 2, 1873, Coburn contended in a glove contest with Tim Collins, for a silver belt, at the Apollo Rooms, on Prospect, this city, which he won in favor of Mike, who on Feb. 5 following also won a silver cup at Harry Hill's. The belt in question, when last seen by the writer, was on exhibition in a window on the Bowery, with the inscription on one side that many of our boys is not unlike him in the matter of wrestling ability, being quite an expert at the collar-and-elbow business, as has been demonstrated on several occasions when opposed by men in every way bigger than himself; but the conditions of the contest on the 21st were such as not to admit of bringing into play his acquirements in this line, which would stand him in good stead in a battle conducted in strict accordance with the rules of the P. R. We may mention that Mike was among the first of those with whom Billy Edwards sparred on his country, and we saw the latter make a capital set-to at that old resort of the fancy, Mager's Union Assembly Rooms, Grand and Elizabeth streets, Nov. 18, 1865 at a benefit given to Jimmy Elliott, then matched with Bill Davis.

Upon the agreement being entered into the men mended their habits in a measure, cutting down their customary allowance of fluids and solids, taking a liberal quantity of exercise, and retiring to bed long before the gas was turned out, by which means they gradually reduced their bulk, hardened their muscles and improved their wind. Of course neither denied himself to such an extent, or did so large an amount of work, as he would have found it advisable to do had the contest been one in which the bare knuckles were to play the leading part; still the men were in good condition when the night arrived for the battle came around. The prevention of the fight at that time, however, and the feeling of uncertainty regarding the affair which prevailed for some days subsequently exercised an ill effect, and both men lost considerable superfluous flesh in weight by the time they received notification, on the afternoon of the 21st, that a hall had been secured for them. It was plain to be seen when they were stripped for the struggle that each was pounds too big for a hard fight, yet their condition was such as, when backed by their known skill, to warrant the expectation of an interesting contest. Though Coburn was the bigger-made of the two, Goodwin possessed equal skill, and besides had the reach on Goodwin, the much greater experience of the latter as a pugilistic tactician, coupled with the excellence of his record—much stress being laid upon the latter point by the friends of Mike—Chambers, above alluded to—conduced to make Goodwin the favorite with those who felt like risking money on the result of the encounter, although Mike had staunch friends at his back who respected his courage and ability to carry the day. Considerable trouble was experienced in obtaining a referee, not because there were not persons present competent to fill the position, but because of their unwillingness to officiate in a capacity more thankless than honorable; finally, however, a gentleman hailing from the land of Penn and the Quakers was prevailed upon to accept. The toss-up of a cent having given the choice of corners (a useless proceeding, as there was really no choice), the men quickly disrobed, and, all being in readiness, the men and their seconds advanced to the centre, shook hands in orthodox fashion, and at 9:45 p. m. before nine o'clock "Time!" was called and the combatants advanced to the centre and placed themselves in position, the attitude assumed by each being artistic, and in itself indicative of the scientific attainments of the men. Coburn was seconded by Ned Mallahan and Billy Bennett, while Goodwin was waited upon by Abe Smith and Dooney Harris.

Of the two Goodwin was, judging from the expression of countenance, the most general bearing, the more confident, and that he was anxious to be at work was shown by his taking advantage of the first opportunity that offered, sending the left at the head; but it didn't reach the spot, and immediately after had the first shot into the enemy's masthead with the left, but it was too light a hit to be heeded. He tried again with the same hand, after stopping a return, and was favored in the head (Coburn's) on Dick's cheek. Directly afterwards Goodwin put his right on the body, and, following it up, a spirited rally ensued, each man using both hands as well as giveos can be used at short distance, Coburn banging away at the head, and Goodwin confining his attention to the ribs. They separated in the middle of the ring, and after a spar at long range Goodwin made play with the left, and was ineffectively crossed by Mike on the side of the head. Dick dashed in, and after some rapid exchanges caught Coburn around the neck with the left hand, while with the right he fibbed at head and body, Coburn (who at this stage of the game had dropped his hands evidently thinking that a hold of any kind was prohibited by the conditions) meantime being busy at the head, and by force of superior weight causing Goodwin to go down on one knee. They were hard at it when a call of time stopped proceedings, said call being made nearly a minute inside of the three which by the conditions governing the contest was made the limit of a round, provided the fighting at the conclusion was not down of a round, provided the fighting at the conclusion was not down before the lapse of that period. They no sooner faced each other for the second time than Dick, who seemed bent on forcing the pace, offered the left at the head, but missed connection, and received a return in the shape of a slashing, however, and, following it up, they fought with both hands rapidly across the inclosure, bringing up on top of a bench, with Dick underneath. The bustling nature of the proceedings soon told upon their wind, and when they promptly toed the centre for the third time each was blowing off steam, more especially Mickey. Each missed a header, but a second attempt by Coburn proved successful, Goodwin dashed his right on the body and evading the return, repeating on the dial, and again getting off scot free. A third try at the head failed, when he napped a nasty one full in the face, which he endeavored to repay with a right-hander on the bulwarks, but Mike broke the force of the blow by a clip with the dexter glove on the ear. Standing apart, they sparred and dodged about a few moments, when they countered, Goodwin planting the left in the neighborhood of the mark and being crossed on the side of the caput pretty hard. Another right handed compliment from Coburn was passed over Richard's shoulder, and then they came together, cracking away with both hands and winding up the round with Goodwin down over a settee.

In the fourth round Coburn was first to offer, tapping his man gently on the nose, and following with a right-hand visitation to the head. Goodwin replied with the left, delivered on the body, for which he got a receipt in full on the neck. After some manoeuvring and feinting, Dick planted two fierce swipes without a return, and closed a third essay in the same direction, when he was caught on the law by Mike's right—a particularly good shot. Being toted in an attempt to reach the face, Goodwin dashed his right on the body, rather low, Mike countering on the side of the head. After Dick had got another one in on the face the men came to close quarters and hammered away at each other until, as usual, they brought up on the benches, when they parted at the call of time. When they came up for the fifth round each was plainly tired, and they sparred long before attempting to do execution. Dick finally let drive with the left, but when it was fully extended Mike was out of danger, but he immediately afterwards reached the body with the left, and as he jumped aside Mike rapped him on the stern. Facing again, exchanges were indulged in, Mike getting well on the body and left eye, and Goodwin being credited with one, two on the cranium. Half-arm hitting followed, neither receiving any damage, and as they separated Goodwin fired a parting salute into Mickey's ribs, but received more than he gave in the shape of a crack with the right on the cheek. They were closed and slugged with both hands until parted when locked in a close embrace.

Goodwin, full of fight, when they were called up for the sixth round at once set about Coburn, but was out of distance in a journey to the face. Not to be denied, he bored in, and, closing, they scrambled across the floor to the barriers, against which Coburn squeezed his man; and while Dick was struggling to extricate himself referee called time, and they were taken to their corners, the round having lasted but thirty seconds. For the second time Mike was first to lead when they came to the centre for the seventh round, taking advantage of a favorable opportunity to plant a stinging right-hander on the left cheek, which shook Sir Richard, who, however, was quick to respond with the left in the face. He tried to repeat the dose, but the blow was well parried, and Mickey reached the nose, but not hard enough to do any damage. Then both delivered simultaneously, Goodwin on the body and Mike square in the middle of the head, when the latter forced the fighting, and drove gamey Dick onto one of the settees at the end of one minute. Less than that time was occupied by the eighth round, in which Coburn started the music with a messenger, Goodwin replying promptly with a hit in the same region, but getting the worst of it as Mike crossed him on the side of the head. Goodwin then sprang to close quarters, and, grabbing Coburn around the neck, began beating the Devil's tattoo on his ribs with the right, while Mike basted himself with the two sides of Richard's cranium. Over the seats they went, and the round was at an end. The two succeeding rounds were very short, neither lasting over half a minute, neither man getting in more than one blow at long range in the ninth, and in the tenth only Goodwin getting home with effect before the customary rally and dingdong right and left belting which marked their close. They had now been fighting twenty-one minutes, and, notwithstanding the many blows exchanged, the chief of the combatants did not exhibit, save by their flushed appearance, any signs of the work done, because the weapons used were the ordinary large-sized soft boxing-gloves, with which nothing satisfactory can be accomplished at half-arm distance.

There is no necessity for us to follow the movements of the men in detail to the end, for the reason that each round was so nearly a counterpart of the other from this time out that to describe them minutely would be not only a waste of space, but tiresome in the extreme and very monotonous reading. So far the rounds had been very brief; but now both men had bellows to mend, and they passed much time in sparring for wind. Dick had found that the man in front of him was a better fighter and more wary adversary than he had thought, and he deemed it advisable to save himself a bit, Mike do some of the leading and forcing. However, Coburn, who had now become thoroughly steady, declined all invitations to change his tactics, but remained on the defensive throughout, and was so much stronger than Goodwin all the time, and seldom failed to counter his man at long range, while doing his full share at close quarters, the work done by him was the most effective. Goodwin was compelled to do nearly all the leading. Mike not taking the initiative a half dozen times after this stage of the contest, and Dick is deserving of high praise for the gallant style in which he fought up-hill, as it were. Although the battle became tedious, in consequence of the saving tactics adhered to by Coburn, and would have been greatly shortened had he followed the example of Goodwin, in point of science the exhibition was first-class; and though some thought that had he altered his course and assumed the offensive when it was apparent that his adversary's strength was failing, from the greater ext[illegible] he had undergone, he must have won, we will be disposed to deny that so long as Goodwin continued to force the pace Mike's chances of gaining the victory did not become any less as the contest progressed. Generalship is an important element of success in fistic warfare, and this was Coburn's distinguishing feature on this occasion, no matter what people who estimate the quality of such contests by the amount of "slugging" characterizing them, rather than on the score of science, may say about his lack of courage and dash. The referee did not keep the men to three minutes time, many of the rounds being nearly and some more than twice that long, the greater portion of the exhibition was fought at close quarters, fainting and dodging. In the fifteenth Coburn gained the first event—first blood—from a cut over Goodwin's right eye, and in the nineteenth he got first knock-down, Dick going down on his beam-ends in the middle of the ring. Nearly every time that Goodwin led and landed he was countered, and almost every round ended with a brief instalment of sharp, rapid, half-arm hitting, the men delivering blow for blow, but those given by Coburn proving the most punishing. When the men had been at it over two hours, and there seemed no prospect of an early ending, some of the spectators left the hall, others followed later, and their departure resulted disastrously for the combatants and others left behind, by bringing to the knowledge of the police that the last round was then transpiring. The consequence was that at 12.45 a. m., when the men had just squared away for the fifty-second round, an ominous hammering was heard at the front door, and before the principals could get their clothes on a score of policemen dashed into the room, and, as there was no means of escape, every man present was taken into custody, marched to the station-house in Fifty-first street, and without distinction consigned to underground cells by Sergeant Webb, who evidently gloried in this opportunity to exercise his brief authority upon those to whom the interior of station-houses is not familiar. The only persons who escaped his polite attention were two or three politicians of more or less prominence, who, though arrested at the hall and placed in the charge of policemen, managed in some perhaps not very honorable manner to regain their liberty before reaching the lock-up. Next morning the whole party were marched to the Fifty-seventh street Police-court, and upon being called up before Judge Morgan were promptly discharged. While the issue of the contest between Goodwin and Coburn was so unsatisfactory, the reputation of both men was enhanced rather than injured by the character of the encounter. Coburn is a better fighter than anybody that we have previously gave him credit for being, while a gamer, more determined and thoroughly good bit of stuff than Goodwin cannot be scared up among men of his weight. The time which he had exacted up to the vacating of the ring at the coming of the officers was precisely 3 hours and 46 minutes, which is the longest time on record for a glove contest, and though not as much as some wanted to see, Goodwin had shown himself game to the last fifty-second. At the close Coburn, beyond a little egg on his forehead, did not show any sign of having been engaged in such a contest, his face being scathless. Goodwin was considerably marked in the face, his left cheek, eye and nose being red and swollen, while his right eyebrow was a little puffed up; he could see plenty of daylight through both his lamps, however, and the punishment he received, though much greater than his foe's, was far from as severe as has been reported, and not sufficient to cause him any trouble. The purse was divided.

GOT OFF EASILY.—Thomas Lane and Patrick Perry of Birmingham were at West Bromwich, Eng., Feb. 1, contested a boxing encounter in a prize fight at Queen's head, near Great Barr, Jan. 24. They were bound over in their own recognizances, and ordered to find two sureties each to keep the peace for twelve months. It was stated that Lane had recently returned from India, where he had served in the army, and prior to entering the army he had engaged in eighteen prize-fights.

BILLY EDWARDS AND ARTHUR CHAMBERS take a joint benefit at Bridgeport, Ct., on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, and on March 3 they have their big show at Music Hall, Boston, upon which occasion Johnny Cash, Warry Edwards, Young Stack and others of New York, Johnny Keenan, Jack King and Joe Holland of Philadelphia will be on hand.

ATHLETIC.

CHAMPIONSHIP ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

The amateur championship in sparring, wrestling and fencing were contended for a second time on Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 21, 22, under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club. The locale was Booth's Theatre, and the attendance upon each evening was not up to expectations, showing that something more than was here offered is necessary to attract a throng. Few of those who were programmed to spar were men of known ability, the general public care precious little about foil, broad sword and singlestick fencing, no matter what experts and enthusiasts may say about such exercises, and wrestling by unknown amateurs—as nearly all who entered were—is not highly entertaining. Unfortunately, too, the failure of some of those entered to show themselves on the stage curtailed the programme on the first night, giving the middle-weight sparring medal to Wm. Childs without competition, and causing the omission that evening of boxing by both heavy-weights and feather-weights, the single-stick exercise, and all but one bout between amateurs in wrestling. The consequence was that the sparring was what in the main brought the people together, and it must be said that they were treated to several set-tos which manifestly afforded them great pleasure, albeit in those which created the most excitement slugging predominated over science, and winning points were made mainly by force of muscular power and hard taps, little attention being paid to illustrating the beauties of the art. The most exciting combat was that between Childs and Williams, the only representatives of the feather-weight division, who fought all the time they faced each other like a couple of gamecocks, being always ready to take one in order to give its equivalent. Both men soon flushed, blown, and with bloody noses, Berte being decidedly the most used up of the two, and the award being in favor of Williams. R. Bowne Jr of the Elizabeth A. C., youth of about fifteen, proved that he was well up in the business in hand; and he convinced Lynch of the fact the first night, and on the second evening again proved it by obtaining the final verdict after a very spirited set-to with Banham (who on the first night engaged in a rattling fight with Steve Blundell) and Powell. The only entries for the middle-weight medal were Wm. Childs and E. F. Payson, and as the latter failed to make good his entry Childs was given a chance to exercise himself with the ex-champion, Ed. McGlinchy, the pair making a very determined set-to, and being finally separated. Geo. Lee of Boston (who fell before the strong arm of Harry Buckmeyer last year) sent in his name for another chance for the heavy-weight prize, but didn't keep his engagement, leaving the medals to be contended for by James Pilkington and Joe Denning. Both men exhibited considerable science, were not bent upon making tincemeat of each other, and consequently made a very interesting set-to, but Pilkington kicked like a horse when Prof. Clark rendered his fat in favor of Denning, and this exhibition of ill-temper Pilkington made himself appear rather ridiculous in the eyes of the spectators, who were aware that the referee has for many years been recognized as one of the very best boxers to be found anywhere, is one of the cleverest teachers of the art, certainly understands his business thoroughly, and had, we are sure, no desire to give a decision not sustained by the evidence before him. Ed. Wards and Johnny Cash wound up the entertainment each evening with a fine display, the former holding the winning hand every time. The names of those who performed, with the result of the several competitions, appear below:

SPARRING.—Feather-weight: B. C. Williams, N. Y. A. C., beat L. A. Berte, Harlem A. C.; Light-weight: R. Bowne Jr., E. A. C., beat James Lynch, N. A. C.; Thos. Powell Jr., N. Y. City, beat O. G. Bates, H. A. C.; W. F. Banham, H. A. C., beat Steve Blundell, N. Y. City; E. Bowne Jr. beat Banham; Thomas Powell Jr. beat John Ward, N. A. C.; Bowne beat Powell. Middle-weight: Wm. Childs, Nautilus B. C., walked over. Heavy-weight: Joseph Denning, Gr. A. C., beat James Pilkington, Seawanhaka B. C.

FENCING.—Foil: Carl Orenwald beat Chas. Fettig, both members of the N. Y. Turn Verein; Chas. Koch, N. Y. T. V., beat Greenwald. Single stick: Chas Fettig beat Chas. Koch and L. Greenwald. Broadsword: Chas. Fettig beat L. Greenwald; Carl Orenwald beat Fettig.

WRESTLING—Collar-and-elbow: Richard Hayde, N. Y. City, beat Peter McGill, S. B. C., and George McNichol, M. A. C., gaining two falls in succession each evening. Graeco-Roman: Lieut. Frederick S. Ames, U. S. A., beat Thos. D. Adams, N. Y. City; James Pilkington, S. B. C., beat H. E. Schopp, New Brighton, S. I. The final bout was walked-over for by Quigley, Pilkington declining to contend with him. The medals were presented to the successful contestants on the stage. The arrangements made by the club were excellent, everything was well conducted, and the only thing to be regretted is that there was not a larger turnout, and the consequent greater addition to the funds in the club's treasury. The officers were: Manager, Waldo Sprague; judge of sparring, Wm. Clark; judge of foil-fencing, C. Renauld; judge of single-stick and broadsword, Reginald Rhinelander; judge of wrestling, John Wood; timekeeper, W. B. Curtis and A. H. Curtis; scorers, R. Wm. Rathbone, John H. Stead, and W. A. Bartlett.

THE FEMALE PEDALISTS.

So far there are no signs of an abatement of the pedestrian plague which for nine weeks past has raged with such virulence in various parts of the States. On the contrary, fresh feminine candidates for pedestrian honors are daily making their obeisance to an indulgent and long-suffering public, a predecessor being at hand to step upon the path whenever a weary sister falls by the way, and on all sides we hear of tracks being laid down for the use of members of the tender sex who are ready and willing to walk any required distance, and who think nothing at all of doing the now rather common feat of walking 3,000 quarter miles in as many periods of ten or fifteen minutes each. We will here allude briefly to the more prominent of the performers in this line who are treading the loam and sawdust pathway to glory. Miss May Marshall finished her exhibition at Washington, D. C., on the night of Feb. 17, and, that she might have a chance to cross over Madame Anderson, she continued to travel around the track until she had placed ninety-six additional quarters to her credit, the extra effort brimming her in a good many extra dollars, as the clear, good public crowded the hall on Sunday after noon and evening, because, we presume, they could find nothing better to do that day.....From Chicago, Ill., we learn by telegraph that Madame La Chapelle, on the night of Washington's Birthday also completed her 3,000 quarter-mile walk at the Folly Theatre, and, determined to outdo all others, immediately started to take onto this performance 300 quarter miles in the same number of consecutive ten minutes, although the local-paper reporters had been apprehensive for a week previously that the little woman would not be able to pull through the lesser trial. We are informed that the 2,700th quarter was done in 2m. 4s.....Miss Annie Bartell and Miss Fannie Edwards (the latter of whom took Lulu Loomer's place on Feb. 17) are walking at Brewster Hall, this city, which establishment continues to receive paying patronage from respectable citizens.....Speaking of Miss Loomer reminds us that she is now in Boston, where she proposes to walk 2,700 quarter miles in the same number of quarter-hours.....Miss. Franklin continues to go round and round in the Adelphi Theatre, Williamsburg, L. I., and will probably make her debut before a metropolitan gathering, under the same management, before the lapse of many days.....Miss. Reynolds last week began a 3,000 quarter feat at the Hub, in Revere Hall. She is looked after by James Robinson, the English pedestrian, and the announced judges are Fred Jones, U. S. Hancock, and W. H. Darvin.....Miss Lillie Hoffman, who claims to hail from Harlem, N. Y., finished her 500 quarter-miles in 500 quarter-hours' trial at Music Hall, Providence, R. I., Feb. 26, and on March 3 they have their big show at Music Hall, Boston, upon which occasion Johnny Cash, Warry Edwards, Young Stack and others of New York, Johnny Keenan, Jack King and Joe Holland of Philadelphia will be on hand.

BOWLING.

MANHATTAN vs. NASSAU.

The match for the championship between the Manhattan Bowling Club of this city and the Nassaus of Brooklyn took place on the alleys at 204 Bowery. Both clubs had a fair practice on the alleys, and the game was expected to be very close, although the betting was in favor of the Manhattans. The first frame did not promise very good play, and at its close the Manhattans were five pins ahead. Both clubs then commenced to warm up, the Manhattans gaining on every inning, and at the seventh were 90 pins ahead. Captain Magerus then changed the order of men, and with some excellent play (Conover and Taylor both catching double strikes) they reduced the score on the nine frame to only eight pins in favor of the Manhattans. The game belonged to neither, and it depended upon nerve—a single spare would win. The Nassaus worked hard for victory, but at the close they had lost it by 15 pins.

MANHATTAN.		NASSAU.	
Seedorff	149	J. Orr	130
Seilken	138	Sarrel	141
Baker	162	Monday	160
Wilshusen	115	Wilson	148
Brooks	141	Hauser	162
Crampton	138	Mason	114
Sabin	153	Travis	146
Brunning	117	Langdon	119
A. Field	145	Hillyer	138
Morgan	165	Taylor	165
Total	1,435	Total	1,420

Umpire, H. Groh, Terpsichore.

MANHATTAN vs. MUTUAL.

The champion game between the Manhattans of this city and the Mutuals of Brooklyn took place Feb. 17 at 204 Bowery, August Schmidt of the South-sides acting as umpire. At the close of the first frame the Manhattans had a lead of 24 pins. Captain Magerus, although being an excellent bowler, rolled with hard luck, and had to be content with a 108. The fifth frame showed the score to be Manhattans 787, Mutuals 647, giving the former a large working majority. With the fine play of Seedorff and Streicher, backed by the rest of the team, strikes following rapidly in succession, the Mutuals had to take defeat gracefully, having lost the game by 147 pins.

MANHATTAN.		MUTUAL.	
Seedorff	189	Magerus	148
Sielken	126	Delap	136
Wilshusen	139	Giehl	124
Pohl	140	Obernier	132
Brooks	136	Bieber	119
Crampton	141	Stemmerman	117
Sabin	161	Hellman	131
Streicher	193	Diener	111
A. Field	116	Rathman	180
J. Field	158	Sertzes	162
Total	1,519	Total	1,373

Time, 2h. 30m.

SOUTH-SIDE vs. LONG ISLAND.

The champion game in the tourney between the Southsides and Long Islands was played at Richter's, 28 Wythe avenue, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19. The game was close, the eighth frame being 17 pins in favor of the Southsides. The subsequent two frames were well played by both, but the Southsides had the lead, and kept it, winning by 25 pins.

SOUTH-SIDES.		LONG ISLAND.	
Rodefeld	161	G. Ketchum	131
Liepold	158	St. George	153
Hoffman	153	Kirchoff	153
Jarmain	144	Augenthaler	134
Matthias	122	Speh	148
Donnelly	131	F. Ketchum	134
Schmidt	162	Kaiser	161
Schoemaker	123	Fedden	145
Klanberg	123	Robb	138
Bush	138	Rust	147
Total	1,483	Total	1,461

NASSAU vs. TERPSICHORE.

The champion game between the above clubs was played on Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 270 Bowery. The game was umpired by Sam Baker of the Manhattans, and resulted in victory for the Nassau Club. The first frame the Terpsichores were 23 pins behind, but on the third they were 23 ahead. The game was very close, and when it was all over the Nassaus led by 33 pins. The Terpsichores rallied, and reduced the majority against them on the eighth frame to 20 pins. The last two frames were tough for the "Terps," and they had to accept another defeat, losing by 57 pins.

NASSAU.		TERPSICHORE.	
J. Orr	146	Eiseman	161
Harnett	169	W. Biele	155
Travis	159	Pladwell	141
Langdon	154	H. Groh	149
Hillyer	161	E. C. Biele	141
Wilson	144	Lee	151
Conover	143	Greentree	131
Bennett	124	Escher	148
Wilbur	133	Naething	102
Taylor	135	Moulle	182
Total	1,479	Total	1,422

NATIONAL BOWLING ASSOCIATION.—The semi-annual meeting of the Bowling Association will be held at the Terpsichore alleys, 270 Bowery, on Saturday evening, March 1.

THE TURF.

DEATH OF THOMAS E. SMITH.

This young but well-known and equally well-liked politician, turfite and sporting man died at his residence, in Yeatry street, this city, on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 20. Never very strong, he had been confined to his bed by disease of the lungs and throat for several months, and his death had been hourly expected for many days before he passed from earth. There are very many persons who sincerely mourn his early taking off (he was scarcely thirty-four years old), for he was a very popular man with those who knew him, and there was an immense crowd present to take a last look at his features on Sunday morning, 23, when his remains were laid away in their narrow home, a solemn mass of requiem being first celebrated at St. Anthony's Church, which was crowded with friends. Deceased was a patron of all sorts of legitimate sport, and had an extensive acquaintance among sporting men in various parts of the country. On the turf he figured as the owner of Pat McCann and one or two other speedy animals. Though a young man, when he was called away, for fifteen years or more he had been engaged in the saloon business upon his own account. For many years he was located at the corner of Hudson and Canal streets, where he did a prosperous business, and by attention to his affairs amassed a handsome competency. A few years ago he removed to the corner of Canal and Vestry streets, where he continued to do a fine trade while he lived. Mr. Smith was also quite prominent in city politics, being for years a member of the Tammany General Committee and of the Committee on Organization, and was Clerk of the First District Court while Judge Dalton was on the bench. He was also several times elected to the honorable position of School Trustee, and in that position, as in all others that he occupied, he did faithful service. As a friend he was ever of a genial disposition, kind-hearted and generous, it is no wonder that his death has cast a shadow upon his friends.

A FRAUD PUNISHED.—A dispatch from Charleston, S. C., says that Ben Pope, alias "Rabbitt" (colored), who rode Ella Dalton in a trotting race at the Fair Grounds the last of the races there, confessed that he pulled the mare all the way around the track and allowed Ben Hill to win, having been paid $25 in cash, and a pool-ticketon Hill winning $30 by the owner of the mare. Pope is arrested, but the owner and the jockey were both ruled off the track by the South Carolina Jockey Club, and were both arrested Feb. 17 on the charge of conspiracy to defraud, the prosecutors being persons who purchased pool tickets on the Mare Ella. They waived examination, and were bound over in $50 each to appear for trial at the June term of the Sessions Court. A warrant was issued against Cren, the owner of the mare, but he left for the South before the officers could arrest him, and much indignation exists in sporting circles against the parties.

AMONG a number of fine horses at the American Stables, Indianapolis, Ind., is a small dark bay stallion imported from Alexandria, Egypt, by Gen. Clifton, of Lexington, Ky., and now in charge of a veterinary surgeon of the former city. As it is probably the only perfectly pure thoroughbred animal ever seen in that locality, it attracts considerable attention.

LUCY FOWLER, the famous old broodmare, died Feb. 17 on the stud-farm of her owner, H. P. McGrath, Lexington, Ky. She produced seventeen foals, among them being such good ones as Tom Bowling, Aaron Pennington and Oshkosh.

THE DUKE OF MAGENTA has been struck out of all his engagements up to the Goodwood meeting, which will be held the last week in July.

THE TRIGGER.

SHOOTING FOR A DOG.—A glass-ball match for a setter dog, valued at $150, the property of Mr. Hill, took place at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 19. The chances were $15 each, Mr. Hill's chance included. The distance was 21 yards rise, ten balls, ties to be shot off at 2o yards rise, at five balls. There were three gentlemen who made a clear score, viz., E. A. Rhoads, J. B. Waite and J. Kern. The result is a very fine liver-color setter, was finally won by Mr. Rhoads, after shooting at and breaking twenty straight balls, Mr. Waite having broken but nineteen. The result was a great disappointment to Waite, as he owned the dog's dam. Following is the score at the balls: W. Biddle, 8; E. A. Rhoads, 10; J. B. Rhoads, 9; W. M. Bennett, 7; M McNertney, 9; J. B. Waite, 10; R. F. Dorrance, 7; C. Kern, 6; J. R. Edgar, 4; W. P. Hill, 7; J. Kern, 10.

RIFLE MATCH.—A match between a team of the Milwaukee (Wis.) Rifle Club and a team of the Club of Atlantic, Ia., over their respective ranges of 200 yards, on Feb. 14, resulted in favor of the Milwaukee team by 11 points, the score: *Milwaukee*—Meunier, 66; Drake, 63; Fielding, 64; Welles, 65; Hill, 63; Murray, 65; total, 386. *Iowa*—C. Mandlin, 63; O. B. Gould, 64; J. B. Aidrich, 64; J. F. Presnall, 59; S. S. Ford, 62; L. L. De Land, 67; total, 379.

THE SOUTHSIDE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB of Long Island met at the Hotel Brunswick, this city, Feb. 17, and elected the following officers to serve until May 1: President, John K. Burtis; vice-president, Wm. Wood; treasurer, Wm. Fleiss; secretary, Roland Redmond; counsel, John E. Devlin; executive committee—Messrs. Hackett (chairman), Fleiss, Devlin and Redmond, C. R. Roberts Jr., Geo. W. Bland and Jos. Hackett.

THE GOLD BADGE of the Shrewsbury Gun Club was shot for the fourth time at Red Bank, N. J., Feb. 17. Seven contestants tried their powers in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, each shooting at fifteen glass balls, with this result: R. Coleman, 13; C. E. White, 12; J. Wright, 12; Chas. Stilwell, 11; G. F. Marsden, 10; T. Davis, 9; G. H. Wild, 8.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
CORNER THIRTIETH STREET.
EDGAR & FULTON.....Lessees and Managers
CONFIRMED SUCCESS
of the new Comic Opera, by Gilbert and Sullivan,
THE SORCERER.
Miss Matilda Scott as Aline; Mr. W. H. Lingard as Wellington Wells. EVENING AT 8.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
BROADWAY THEATRE, THE SORCERER. 49-1t

SAML F. MISHLER on Feb. 22, at Reading, Pa., gave a fifty-mile-exhibition walk for a purse of $50, with the stipulation that he completed the distance in ten hours without rest or food. He commenced walking at one o'clock P. M., and finished in 9h. 49m. 35s. Dan. F. Davis was scorer. Edward Davis looked after Mishler.

BARTHOLOMEW O'DONNELL, aged eighty, and certainly old enough to have better sense, on Feb. 21, at 10.30 P. M., commenced an attempt to walk seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours in Coakley Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. At 9.45 P. M. 22 he left the track for good, having sixty-two miles to his credit.

GEORGE L. LAW is still in the New England States, and on Feb. 13, 14, 15, he and D. J. Dwyer walked a 50-hour contest at Willimantic, Ct., the former winning easily by two and a half miles, the total distance walked by him being 140 miles. They are to have a 27-hour racket March 17, 18.

GEO. A. EDWARDS and Morris Tracy met at this office Feb. 24, chose L. Frank as final stakeholder for their wrestling match, and agreed that it should be decided at Glass

AN OLD STAGER.

My Last Nightmare.

No matter where, no matter when—that matters not a bit—
They played a comedy, methought, and I was in the pit.
I won the front, the middle seat, by struggling for it hard,
When lo! a stranger darted in, confronted to the yard.
I found my neighbor affable; he made a few remarks
On managers and on politics, the weather and the parks.
'Twas only when an act was o'er he threw the mask aside,
Produced his hobby *tout-a-coup*, and swiftly got astride.

"You don't remember Harley, sir? Of course; but never mind.
A comic performer Harley was, unequaled of his kind.
Grotesque in ev'ry feature, sir; grotesque in ev'ry limb.
Law bless me, what a Dogberry the drama lost in him!
I'm not the man to go about and swear the present age
Has nobody presentable to put upon the stage.
No, not at all; quite otherwise—but still we must allow,
In spite of all our funny men, we're not a Harley now.

"And Farren—there's another name, no easy one to match.
What style, sir! That's the sort of thing your youngsters never patch.
The grace, the charm, the elegance—the everything, I mean!
We lost Sir Peter Teazle, sir, when Farren left the scene.
Perhaps—to go from high to low—you may remember Wright?"

"Not old enough?" Exactly so. I only said you might—
Not always overdelicate, but so intensely droll!
He nearly suffocated one—he did, upon my soul!

"By Jove, sir! they were jolly times, the old Adelphi days;
Paul Bedford, Wright, Miss Woolgar, those in one colossal blaze;
Leigh Murray and a Mr. Smith—a Smith initialed O.—
The chartered representative of residents below.
They had the Keeley couple, too; both always to the fore.
Such such a pair was never seen—and will be never more.
Ah, what a woman, Mrs. K.! You're parents, I suppose,
Who saw her play Jack Sheppard, sir, when Paul sang 'Jolly Nose!'

"I never saw Macready, sir; but I remember Brooke.
I've seen the model British tar portrayed by 'Tippy' Cooke.
I recollect the fairy times, the bright Lyceum days,
When Planche brought us back again the genii and the fays.
I recollect—but surely, sir, you scarcely can expect
A chronological account of all I recollect
Besides, you're growing sleepy, sir; I noticed it before.
I've wasted more than time enough; I shan't waste any more!"

HENRY S. LEIGH.

FAIR AS A STAR;

OR,

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—SUSPICION.

Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind—
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Barwick and Lucy suggested all sorts of reasons to themselves for Graham Goldburn's sudden departure from the ship and retreat to London. No doubt he had found some messenger or letter awaiting him, and had been obliged to go. They were going to London also, and should, doubtless, be able to find him. Dr. Andrews shook his head when they spoke of looking for him.

"Let him alone, my dear young lady," he said gravely.

"Why?"

"Because I am sure you will be disappointed if ever you do succeed in finding him."

"Why should we?"

"I can hardly put my thoughts into words, but I am quite sure that he has some reason for avoiding you."

"Avoiding *us*! Why, Doctor Andrews, he was our dearest friend in Australia—he would never avoid us. It was most unfortunate his being so ill on board the Pelican. If things had not happened so awkwardly you would have seen whether he wished to avoid us or not."

"Should I?"

"Yes, indeed, you would!"

"And I did not. It was most unfortunate, as you say, Miss Lucy."

His tone was so odd that Lucy looked at him with a perplexed face.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Is there anything about Mr. Goldburn and his illness that I do not understand?"

"A good deal, I fancy. In the first place, I doubt very much whether the gentleman was ever ill at all."

"Doctor Andrews!"

"Oh, I'm not crazy, my dear. I speak from a strong conviction."

"But you attended him—you surely must know."

"Not surely. Even a doctor may be mistaken sometimes; and when a person looks like a galvanized corpse, and appears prostrate with agony, and, moreover, submits to the most painful remedies—and I tried some stingers on him, I can assure you—without remonstrance or murmur, it is hard to decide."

"I thought doctors could always tell," Lucy said. "I am sure he might have kept us at a distance if he wanted to, without all that fuss. I wonder if it was because he is so rich, and thinks we are poor. We are not so poor as to need any help from him," she added, tears of indignant pride springing to her pretty eyes.

"Whatever his reason was, I believe from my heart he was shamming. He told me of all sorts of things he had been subject to all his life, of which I could find no trace—his heart, for instance, which I believe to be as sound as my own; and of some long illness which brought him to death's door at Nic-Nic Gap, and left him with the wrecked health he wished me to believe in. I didn't, for all his fine stories. He is a strong man, and no more an invalid than I am."

"A long illness?" said Lucy, looking puzzled. "When?"

"A year or two since, I think he said."

"Can I have been asleep any part of my life, I wonder," the young girl said, knitting her fair forehead into puckers, "and so lost all count of time and what was going on? I have known Mr. Goldburn ever since I can remember anything, and he never was ill. Why, I have heard him boast, not once, but often, that, bar accidents, he never had anything the matter with him in his life."

"But how about the floods, when he lost so much of his stock, and was nearly ruined, and laid up with fever, and all the rest of it? Was that before your remembrance, Miss Lucy?"

"I think I must be dreaming now," Lucy replied. "We *never* had any floods near us. My poor father used to say that, but for the cattle, the district would be the better for being under water now and then. Floods! Is Mr. Goldburn gone mad, I wonder, or has he invented all these queer stories to mystify you?"

"It looks very like it. Is the story of his sweetheart, and how he lost her, romance too, I wonder? Something led me to speak of his being a bachelor one day, and he told me a pitiful tale."

"No, *that's* true," Lucy said. "And a sad story it is, isn't it? I don't recollect that, of course; but both papa and mamma knew the lady. He nearly broke his heart over it, I believe. I can't think, Dr. Andrews, unless his money has turned his head, why he should have acted as he has. Mamma has quite made up her mind to hunt him up. I hope he won't be rude or unkind to her. It would grieve her so terribly."

"I hope you will be able to persuade her not to do it. It is hard to find old friends turn away from us, and for some reason or other I feel convinced that is what he wants to do."

"What for, I wonder? We have never offended him in any way."

Dr. Andrews had his own theory on the subject, which he could not very well explain to this trusting, loving young girl, whose faith in her father's old friend was not to be shaken. That the rich Mr. Goldburn, to whom money seemed no object, was a very different man from the squatter of Nic-Nic Gap he felt very certain, though why he should have so completely changed, as it seemed, his whole nature was a puzzle—as great a one as the feigned illness on board the Pelican. He had said nothing—though he felt quite certain that Graham Goldburn knew what he thought—and accepted the money that gentleman offered him for his attendance without any comment.

He did all he could for Mrs. Barwick and Lucy, making them feel much less forlorn by his kind attentions. Lucy promised to let him know if they saw Mr. Goldburn again, and where and how they found him. She believed that her old friend had gone out of his mind, and when they lit upon him again it would be in a lunatic asylum under the charge of a keeper. Dr. Andrews thought there was method in his madness, if he were mad, and that if ever he met the Barwicks there would be a grand explosion.

It was several weeks before they came upon any trace of him. They found a warmer welcome awaiting them than they anticipated, and Mrs. Barwick's brother quite ready to open his arms to his widowed sister-in-law and her pretty daughter. They would be no burden to him, which fact, doubtless, had a great deal to do with his pleasure at seeing them.

"Find him?" he said to Lucy, when she told him about Graham Goldburn. "Of course we must find him. I feel as if I knew him, I have heard so much about him from my brother; besides, he'll be able to give me a lot of information that I want about Australian matters."

Mr. Barwick was a bustling London tradesman, matter-of-fact and business-like in the extreme, and when he set about it he very soon found out where Graham Goldburn had quartered himself. They had better call upon him, he said. The doctor's notions were all bosh, very likely, and they'd find their friend just as pleased to see them as ever.

Meanwhile, the object of their search had settled down very comfortably at Mrs. Sebright's. There was only one drawback to his felicity, and that was Sally. She was a very thorn in the flesh to him, a Mordecai at his gate, and yet he could find no fault with her. She was attentive and respectful. Everything he wanted was done to the minute, and his meals were well cooked and served. Sally was never intrusive, and yet he felt she was continually watching him.

"I shall kill her some day, I know I shall," he said to himself, "if I find her sneaking and prowling about my rooms, as I am sure she does. I do hope, I'm sure, that this new lodger will take a little of her attention off me."

The new lodger was a puzzle, and rather an uncomfortable one to Mr. Goldburn. He had been some days in the house, but he had not seen him yet, though he had heard his voice. His room-door was open one day, and he himself preparing to go out, when a cab drove up to the door, and someone inquired for Mrs. Sebright. The voice struck upon his ear with a strangely familiar sound, and he paused to listen.

"No rooms to let?" he heard a young man say. "Oh, I am so sorry. A very old friend of Mrs. Sebright's sent me here."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes; Mr. Burt. He told me."

"Oh, if you come from Mr. Burt," Sally said joyfully, "please walk in—missis will be so glad."

"I can hardly say I come from him now," the stranger said. "I have not seen him for many months, but he gave me this address out in Australia, and told me if ever I came to London and wanted a home to come here. I *am* in London, and do want a home very much," he added, with a smile that took Sally's heart captive on the spot.

Mrs. Sebright made the young man very welcome for her old friend's sake. Anybody that Mr. Burt sent her, she said, she would take in with perfect good faith, wherever they came from. *His* room would be empty in two days—till then, if the gentleman didn't mind, she could accommodate him with an attic bed, and meals in her parlor downstairs.

He didn't mind at all, he said, for he was a stranger in London. Indeed, he had never been in England before, and hadn't the least idea how to manage for himself.

All this Mrs. Sebright retailed to Mr. Goldburn, with the additional information that the young man's name was William Burgess, and that he was an actor, whom Mr. Burt had met somewhere across the sea. He had just come from Calcutta, with an agent who had got him an engagement in London, and her old lodger had bidden him come to her.

"And you'll take him in and do for him like a mother?" Mr. Goldburn said.

"I'll try! He seems a nice young fellow."

"William Burgess," said the drawing-room lodger to himself, as she quitted the room. "What tricks my fancy plays me, to be sure. I thought I knew the voice. Ah, *that's* not fancy, though," he added, as a footstep sounded in the next room. "It's that cat of a servant. I'll give her such a lesson as shall last her the rest of her life, some of these days."

Indeed, it seemed as though Sally deserved a lesson, for she did peep and pry into Mr. Goldburn's belongings in a most unjustifiable fashion, as it seemed. Not a drawer or box did he leave open but she managed to make herself acquainted with all its contents. What she expected to find, perhaps, she hardly knew herself, but something to verify a strange, wild fancy that had taken possession of her.

William Burgess had been in the house a week, when the fates ordained that Lucy Barwick and her mother should arrive in Bloomsbury square to see Mr. Goldburn. It was evening, for, in addition to finding out where he lived, Mr. Barwick had discovered that after his dinner, which he took at five, was the best time to see him. He was very uncertain during the day, but nearly always at home in the evening. So it was dark when the two ladies reached Bloomsbury square, and they knocked twice at Mrs. Sebright's door without eliciting any answer.

"Everybody's out, I think," Mrs. Barwick said. "Try once more, Lucy."

But before Lucy could lift the knocker a young man opened the door. In the light of the hall-lamp she thought him the very nicest-looking young fellow she had ever seen, and a bright smile of amusement added to his good looks.

"I have to apologize for somebody," he said. "I heard two knocks; I think Mrs. Sebright must be out. I can't imagine where the servant can be. I never knew her so inattentive before."

Mrs. Sebright was fast asleep in her easy-chair, as was her custom at this time of the day, and before Lucy could begin to tell their business, or what they wanted, Sally proclaimed her whereabouts in the upper regions by a series of the most piercing shrieks that ever emanated from a human being.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A GHOST.

By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Sally's shrieks woke her mistress, who rushed upstairs in a fright, as did William Burgess, leaving the ladies standing in the hall. He uttered a word or two of hurried apology; but it was no time for ceremony. The summons upstairs was alarming, and betokened some terrible catastrophe.

"We had better go, my dear," said Mrs. Barwick, turning very white. "Something dreadful has happened!"

"Wait a bit, mammie; someone will come to us directly. Perhaps it is nothing serious," Lucy said, sitting down on one of the hall-chairs, for in truth she was almost as tired as her mother, and was trembling all over; and it seemed as if she was right, for in a minute or two they heard Mrs. Sebright's voice in angry remonstrance, and Sally's in plaintive earnest and protestation.

"Everybody didn't go upstairs," Lucy said after a pause. "There's someone going out now at the area-door!"

She had no idea what made her notice that stealthy tread; but such things happen sometimes, and the quiet steps struck upon her ear with curious distinctness, as someone cautiously came up the area steps and passed out at the gate. She remembered in after days that she had heard them, and was glad to be able to testify that she had.

"Ah, here's the young man again," Mrs. Barwick said gladly, as William Burgess appeared at the staircase and came down to them. "Now we shall hear if Mr. Goldburn is at home, and what is the matter."

"Mrs. Sebright will be down directly," William Burgess said, opening the door of a nicely-furnished dining-room. "Will you walk in, please? She is very sorry that you should have been so startled, but begs me to say there is nothing the matter."

"Indeed!"

Mrs. Barwick spoke something incredulously, and he answered her with a reassuring smile.

"Really nothing," he said.

"But who screamed?"

"Sally—that is, the servant. She is a nervous, excitable creature, and she was frightened, or says she was."

"What at?"

"A ghost?"

"A what?"

"A ghost, she says. The fold of a bed-curtain, most likely, or something equally alarming. Anyway, she was frightened into shrieking, as you heard, and really seems very much shaken. Mrs. Sebright has taken her down the other staircase into the kitchen. She will come to you directly."

"I don't know that we need trouble Mrs. Sebright," said Lucy in her gentle tones.

"She is the mistress; the apartments are hers."

"Oh, we did not come for apartments," said Mrs. Barwick, covering William Burgess with confusion lest he should have given offense, "so we need not trouble her. Perhaps you can tell us. Is Mr. Goldburn at home?"

"Mr. who?"

"Mr. Goldburn. He lives here, I know. Mr. Graham Goldburn. We came home from the Cape with him lately in the Pelican."

She did not notice the curious change that came over the young man's face as she spoke. He had never heard Graham Goldburn's name distinctly spoken since he had been in the house till now. He had never seen the first-floor lodger, whose name he had gathered to be "Gobur," or something like it, and he had felt no curiosity in the matter. But there was no mistake in the name now. It was clearly and distinctly pronounced, and information with it which verified the fact that Graham Goldburn of Nic-Nic Gap was living under the same roof with him.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, all the pleasant ring gone out of his voice, leaving it harsh and dissonant. "Does he live here?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Yes."

"And did you not know he was here?"

"I knew there was someone here. I have only been here a few days, and do not know my fellow-lodgers at all. If Mr. Goldburn is the gentleman on the first floor, he is not in—I know that much. His room-door was wide open when I passed it just now, and I think I heard the servant tell her mistress that he had gone out."

Mrs. Sebright came up at this moment, and confirmed Mr. Burgess' statement. Mr. Goldburn was out, though it was very unusual for him to go out at night. Would the ladies leave their cards, or would they like to wait?

No, they would not wait, Mrs. Barwick said; they would call again; and, thanking William Burgess for his civility, they gave Mrs. Sebright their cards, and rose to go. At the door they met Graham Goldburn coming in, muffled up so that very little except his eyes was to be seen. He greeted them cordially enough, but apologized for mumbling and not uncovering his mouth. He had been having a tooth out, he said, which must also serve as an excuse for his not asking them to stay then. They must be sure to come again soon.

Mrs. Barwick replied that she didn't know when they might be able to do that. She felt chilled and worried by this colloquy on the doorstep. The Graham Goldburn of the old days in Australia would not have let the extraction of a dozen teeth stand between him and his welcome. He would not have stood out in the dark, parleying with his old friend's widow when there were warmth and light within.

"Doctor Andrews was right, mother," Lucy said when they had turned away disappointed from the door. "He doesn't want to renew his acquaintance with us."

"I shall renew mine with him, my dear. I must see him again."

"Must, mamma?"

"Yes, child; don't ask me why. You'd think me crazy if I were to tell you the thought that has entered into my head. I wonder what that young man knows about him. He turned the color of ashes when I mentioned his name!"

Meanwhile Graham Goldburn entered the house, and took off his hat and wraps in the hall.

"I thought I'd given those two inquisitive ladies the slip," he said to himself. "Confound their old friendship and the sentimental memories of days gone by! It was all very well for Berner's Gully and Nic-Nic Gap to be on terms of brotherly intimacy; but it doesn't follow that I'm to be on intimate terms with all my squatter acquaintances. I must give them the go-by somehow, or they'll make things unpleasant, maybe. Good heavens!"

The exclamation was forced from him by the appearance of William Burgess on the landing above him. Both men were standing immediately under a lamp, the one in the hall, the other on the staircase, so that their features were distinctly seen. A wild, bewildered look came into the younger man's face—a look of awed horror that made it seem like the face of a corpse that has had a fight with death, and yielded in pain and dismay. Graham Goldburn seemed like a man suddenly stricken into stone. For a moment neither spoke nor moved, and then Mr. Goldburn seized his hat and wrapper, and opened the front door.

"Stop, stop!" shouted William Burgess, springing downstairs with marvelous strides. "We are face to face at last. You shall not go!"

But Mr. Goldburn had pulled the heavy door after him with a bang, and, in the few seconds that had elapsed before his pursuer could open it, he had disappeared. William Burgess ran hither and thither for a few minutes in fruitless pursuit. It is very little use hunting for anyone in London who has ever so little of a start on a dark night, and he returned, hatless and breathless, to Mrs. Sebright's intense disgust.

"Is everyone going mad to-night?" she asked testily. "Where's Mr. Goldburn, and what's the matter with you?"

"He went out, and I—I ——"

"Ran after him like a madman," she said, regarding him curiously, and wondering what powerful emotion was blanching his cheeks, and making him tremble like a frightened child. "Whatever is wrong, Mr. Burgess? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have!"

"You?"

"Yes!"

"You are as bad as Sally. Whose ghost have you seen?"

"The ghost of a secret, Mrs. Sebright—a secret that has clouded my whole life, preyed upon me with a hand of iron, and warped my very nature. When I see him again, all will be clear."

"That will be by-and-bye, then. He's sure not to be long, so you'll soon lav your ghost. I wish Sally's could be as easily got rid of!"

"Ah, what did she see, or fancy, rather?—for of course it was fancy only. Who has been appearing to her, and was its presence only answered by the tables curtseying and the chairs dancing round?"

"It's no laughing matter to her," Mrs. Sebright said gravely. "I cannot understand it, for she is a girl without a grain of romance in her constitution, and certainly no power of imagination, yet she declares to me solemnly that when she screamed so dreadfully she saw a former lodger of mine who was killed some time ago. She was in the room he used to occupy, and declares that all at once a light shone in one of the corners, and she saw him standing there. Whatever it was, she is very ill with the fright, and declares that nothing on earth will induce her to go into that room again. I may suit myself as soon as I like, she says; she cannot face it again."

"What was your lodger's name, Mrs. Sebright?"

"Hugh Pierrepoint, if you mean the one whose ghost she saw. I've had a lot of people in the rooms, one after another, since he and his wife left, and I never heard of anything being seen before."

"And you won't again," said William Burgess gravely. "I think I see the clue to the end of this tangle, Mrs. Sebright. When I have seen your first-floor lodger face to face once more, I can unravel it."

Sally stuck to her story. She had been very busy in Mr. Goldburn's room, she said, though she did not say what she was doing there, and she had suddenly looked up to see Hugh Pierrepoint standing in the corner by the bed. No, she was not mistaken, she declared. It was Hugh Pierrepoint; she remembered him too well to make any blunderabout it. She thought he looked thinner and older than when she had seen him last, and that there was something menacing in his look. She stuck to her story through all the questioning and scolding of her mistress, and told it over again with terrified tears to William Burgess.

"No one believes it, of course, sir," she said pitifully. "Missis says my troubles—and I've had a many since I was here before—have turned my head; but I did see him. A bad man he was, too. As sure as I'm a living woman, I did, Mr. Burgess."

"I believe you did, Sally."

Sally stared at him in amazement, he spoke so gravely, and with such an air of reliance on her word.

"I'm glad to know it, sir," she said. "I don't like people to think I tell lies. I never told a falsehood in my life knowingly, and I wouldn't now."

"I'm sure you wouldn't. I don't think the house is haunted, though, Sally, for all your fright. By to-morrow you shall know all about it."

"To-morrow! Do you think I shall see it again?"

"No; I don't think it is at all likely. I am only waiting for Mr. Goldburn to come home, and the mystery will be cleared up, I think."

"Mr. Goldburn was out, thank goodness," said Sally. "It was in his room I saw it, you know."

"Yes, I know; but it won't appear to him."

"I wish it would," said Sally vigorously. "I hate him!"

"And you'd like him to have a fright, eh?"

"Yes."

"You shall have your wish. I think he will be frightened by-and-bye, and you will understand all about the ghost."

But William Burgess got no chance of frightening Mr. Goldburn that night. Though he waited up for him long after all the household had retired to rest, he never came, and in the morning Mrs. Sebright announced that she had had a letter from him explaining his absence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEAUTY.—It is difficult to say what constitutes the beauty of a woman. The Sandwich-Islanders estimate women by their height. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose-ring to satisfy a South-sea Islander's taste. African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw. And thus goes the world, the criterion of beauty differing according to latitude and longitude.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, MUSICAL COMPOSER.

This accomplished composer is about forty years of age, of Irish descent, and began his career as a charity scholar. In appearance he is short in stature, somewhat stout in figure, and swarthy in complexion, with curling black hair, and black, sparkling eyes. He is energetic and ambitious, and, from his position as instructor in the highest social circles in England, has become the particular favorite of fashionable life. A bachelor, he lives luxuriously in apartments at Westminster, London, Eng., for his fame and merits have already realized a fortune for him from the royalty on his compositions. His songs sustain a high reputation both in this country and in England; and his later musical efforts in the way of comic-opera have placed him among the most popular of our present writers. In March, 1869, he musically interpreted a sketch burlesqued and rhymed by F. C. Burnand, entitled "Cox and Box," and, in conjunction with W. S. Gilbert, (whose portrait appeared in THE CLIPPER dated March 27, 1875) his librettist, has won more recently the most substantial success in his operatic conceits, in which a rich vein of humor is joined with the happiest effect to charming music. They have proved successful in each case, culminating in the extraordinary reception of their latest production, "H. M. S. Pinafore," which has enjoyed a run in England from May 25, 1878, and is the reigning sensation here, and has been from its first performance in this city, Jan. 15. Its predecessors, "Trial by Jury," first given in London, Eng., March 25, 1875, and "The Sorcerer," Nov. 17, 1878, have likewise met with a large share of approval.

LINES

Penned on the Site of an Ancient City.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Here once stood palaces of kings whose breath
Gave law to millions; scarce a moldering stone
Now marks the site. Who were they? Ask of Death.
He conquered them and hath usurped the throne.
Where myriads dwelt, the wild fox dwells alone;
Where standards streamed, the yew and cypress wave;
Where trumpets pealed, the hollow breezes moan.
The steel-clad warrior and the naked slave
Mingle their ashes in one common grave.

A common grave! the universal doom
Falls on the monarch's as the peasant's head;
There dwells no charm within the proudest tomb
Which shrines the dust whence consciousness hath fled.
There is no sceptre for the throneless dead;
And he who living kept a world at bay
Shares with the worm his cold and narrow bed.
The worm that makes man's soulless form his prey
Knows not a Cæsar's from a peasant's clay.

What, then, is Death? the doom of all that lives.
What is this Earth?—the tomb of all that dies;
And what is Time?—a boon that Mercy gives,
By fools neglected. 'Tis the test that tries
Love, honor, friendship, and all human ties.
What is Eternity? Who shall assign
Form to Infinitude? The theme defies
All finite wisdom. The mighty line
That God hath drawn between his state and thine!

YUTA:

ROMANCE of a BALLET GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"The Black Crook" at Niblo's was on the eve of one of its many revivals—whether the third, fourth, fifth or sixth, is quite immaterial. Suffice that it was to be produced with "unequaled splendor." Midst a crush of ballet-girls and would-be ballet-girls, drawn to the stage-door on Crosby street, not by the potent art of the Black Crook himself, but through a well-known and prosaic advertisement: "Wanted—Two hundred and fifty young ladies," there stood two girls whose manner betrayed that this was undoubtedly their first experience in applying for a theatrical engagement. They were evidently overawed, were they, by the better-dressed and more nonchalant members of the regular corps-de-ballet who surrounded them, wore such anxious faces, and seemed as though inclined to press forward (with the nervousness of unaccustomed travelers, who fear the train will start without them), yet to reluctantly hang back, perhaps dreading an interview with a yet unknown power, on whose decision the fates of many hung. The "unequaled splendor" hinged. The tallest of the twain, a black-haired girl, and the destined spokesman, at last pulled her more abashed companion forward when their turn came, in that line of motley applicants, to face the potentate of that mysterious region behind the scenes, a region whose unnatural gloom is but dimly penetrated by sun and air, and whose strange atmosphere and bewildering surroundings so often strike the timid newcomer with a vague awe of the place.

"Have you ever been on in the ballet?" is asked.

"No; my father won't let me. She wants to, but she don't speak no English."

She is a child of "sixteen Summers"—a true daughter of the Fatherland, with blue eyes and flaxen hair wound round and round a shapely head in rather untidy braids. The little maiden is coolly surveyed.

"She's never been on?"

"Never."

"Can't dance?"

"No."

"Got good limbs?"

"I don't know."

"Tell her to let me see her ankles?"

An uneasy pause follows a brief dialogue in German.

"She's ashamed," at last the elder girl whispers.

"She's got on dirty stockings."

"I don't want to see her stockings; I want to see the shape of her legs," is the rejoinder

A shabby dress is a little raised, and a stout pair of legs are half-proudly, half-timidly displayed.

"Good arms?"

Round, plump and pretty, and, moreover, a very pretty face, as the potentate cannot fail to observe, though it be not overclean, with little hands in like condition. A slight pause on the dread power's part, and breathless, shy expectancy on the applicant's.

"She'll do for the standing-ballet," is the verdict.

"How much will she get?" is the anxious inquiry, with an eager glance from bead-black eyes, from the cradle onward ever on the lookout for the main chance. The amount is named.

"What night is she to come?"

No night as yet, it would appear; but the day and hour are not only specified, but repeated, and very distinctly.

"You understand?"

"Oh, yes!"

"The dresses are found her. Next."

"Yuta, they've hired you."

How little does the giggling, thoughtless creature realize that that moment has decided the whole current of her after-life.

Pause, you who read this and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

Two years after the above-mentioned revival at Niblo's, a theatrical company were playing their way through the State of Vermont, with scenery and company limited, ballet ditto. In a certain little town, on the opening night, spite of the hot weather and the very many bad shows the devoted place had been victimized by, "The Black Crook" was played to a splendid house—no paper—and the entertainment was very generally voted most excellent. Among the audience was a great strapping six-footer, a genuine Green-mountain boy—in agriculture excessively shrewd, in playacting supremely verdant, in heart honest as the sun—a truly manly, generous, spirited fellow, but withal not over susceptible, as the fair damsels in the vicinity could, to their chagrin, testify. Never as a day having indulged in the luxury of falling in love, not as yet, perhaps, having "met his fate," as the novelists of old would put it—or, perhaps, if we can imagine such a thing, never having heard talk of love—he was for that reason heart-whole, as our latest mental philosopher would hasten to put it. Be it as it may, no lovesick swain who ever haunted the stage-door of a theatre with hope of catching sight of his inamorata was ever there more promptly than this Green-mountain boy bright and early on the morning following the first representation of the "dazzling spectacle." In the absence of the appendage to that mysterious postal—*i. e.*, a back-doorkeeper—he being a superfluity in a country theatre, the six-footer walked unchallenged and unnoticed onto the stage. At that early hour but two persons graced its boards—a carpenter, busily hammering, which seems to be the only branch of his trade ever exercised by the provincial stage-carpenter, as the ears of actors and actresses can testify; and a girl in short, limp skirts and dancing-shoes, who, firmly grasping one of the wings, was going through a series of evolutions so startling and strange to eyes that witness them for the first time that no wonder the new comer stands for some moments in bewildered amazement. At last, recovering his breath, as it were, though not his ordinary composure, he, a little hesitatingly, approaches nearer the girl, and suddenly recognizes in her the object of his visit. On her part she betrays no concern whatever at his sudden appearance. A country bumpkin more or less sauntering into a theatre by daylight, and staring open-mouthed, is no wonder to her by this time, and so she diligently goes on with her work; for work it is, and most laborious.

"Say, what is she going through all them crazy didos for?" at length the astonished observer asks of the carpenter.

"Practising."

"What for?"

"Dancing."

"Christopher! you don't call that dancing, do you?"

But the carpenter condescends no further parley.

"Say, you don't call that dancing, do you?" persisted the intruder, addressing the girl herself. "I saw you dance last night," as the speaker approached still closer to the dancer, with a rather familiar air. Something in her face and in the sudden pause in her exercise made him pause as well, clumsily remove his hat, and apologize. "Wouldn't like you to feel I was intruding—wouldn't want to hurt your feelings, neither." But the dancer paid as little heed to him or his apology as to one of the wings. A little piqued, the stranger proceeded to explain. "I come over this morning a-purpose to get introduced to you. I didn't expect as I'd find you here. I live down Branderberg way, nigh on five miles from here. My name's Jones. Anybody will tell you who I am. Everybody knows me—Alnathan's son—old Alnathan Jones! Perhaps you don't care, though, to know anything about me?" The look that said she did not—oh, so plainly!—piqued him more, and he proceeded with all the pertinacity of a Yankee. "As I told you, I come a-purpose to get an introduction to you. You don't know—I don't know myself—how all at once I come to set such store by you." The speaker paused and gazed earnestly in the impassive face before him. "Say, I want you to listen to me. Won't you? I am right down in earnest!"

His words did not belie him. In his earnestness he was about to lay his hand on hers; but it was quietly withdrawn, and the Green-mountain boy fell back a step, for he must have been dull indeed had he not caught the sudden look of dread and dislike that came into the dancer's face. But, keen-witted Yankee as he was, he instantly detected the look; yet he would have been keener than many Yankees living could he have read the girl's mind rightly at that moment.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "What did I say to offend you?"

"Nothing!" was the quiet reply. "But you don't know, perhaps, you've no right on the stage, nor no right to speak to me, or anyone in the company without knowing us. I suppose you don't know any better."

"Guess you're about right," was the frank reply, and Alnathan's son's broad face flushed a little. "Guess you want me to sheer off. Well, I can take a hint; but listen to me a moment first. I made up my mind to get introduced to you. You won't mind if I do get introduced fair and squar, I hope? For when I've sot my mind on anything, nothing in the world can turn me."

For reply the dancer quietly turned her back on this persistent young man, who, a little disconcerted and merely repeating that he could "take a hint," walked reluctantly away, with an admiring backward glance at the industrious little figure practicing away with might and main.

"Wouldn't look at me, wouldn't speak to me!" he soliloquized; and yet he liked her the better for it—in fact, in a few moments this little girl had risen high in this country bumpkin's respectful estimation. Golden hair and blue eyes had run in his head a good deal after the preceding night's performance; but the owner of those charms had never before bedizened herself, wore amazingly short skirts, and danced and smiled for the public's entertainment. He would have liked an introduction to her now! He is determined on an introduction, doggedly determined; and so, with one more yearning look back at the graceful little fairy, he saunters from the theatre. When at length the actors and actresses begin to assemble in twos and threes—not that a rehearsal is called; if that were the case they would struggle in one by one, as has been the fashion from time immemorial in all provincial theatres—Alnathan's son also saunters in, and coolly joins a group who, in the absence of another superfluity in a country theatre—a green-room—have assembled at the back of the stage, sitting or lolling on stage properties that seem to have been made for any other purpose than to sit or loll upon. There they languidly discuss the previous night's success, and the chances of the coming night's performance realizing as large receipts; for success with the majority of traveling troupes refers, in the company's eyes, not to the quality of the performance, but to the quantity in the treasury. Alnathan's son sought to join, and, after some light skirmishing, succeeded in joining in the conversation. He had expected when did a Yankee fail?—and good-humouredly joined in the laugh against himself when he inadvertently betrayed his greenness in all matters theatrical. His quaintness, frankness and good nature told with effect, and in half an hour's time he had drawn from a loquacious ballet-girl all that was known to the company of the stage-fairy practicing on the boards of that country theatre.

Yuta was a German—he had guessed that by her accent—was only a line-dancer as yet, but was ambitious of being a solo-dancer, which, his informer kindly explained, meant a *primare*. Yuta was a good girl, everybody respected her, but awfully reserved, had but little to say to anybody, and minded her own business; but Yuta had one fault, his informant had to confess:

"She was blamed stingy, but most of them Dutch is."

Any man would naturally experience a shock at such tidings of a fair creature with whom he was almost in love.

"*How* was she stingy? Everyway! Never spends a cent that she can possibly avoid. Wore awfully shabby clothes when she first joined the troupe, and doesn't dress nothing at all now. Buys her own shoes—her dancing shoes, that is to say—to save money. She's a mighty nice girl—nobody can't say she isn't—but oh, so blamed stingy!"

And this was Yuta's character, drawn by one of her companions, and certified to by all. So Alnathan's son took his cue, but to his chagrin found it was the wrong one. Fruit, flowers, village-store savouries, were firmly refused, returned, or utterly repudiated by his inamorata. Baffled in every device his simple heart could suggest to please the fancy of one who to him hour by hour grew an object of still greater interest, of what avail that formal introduction? of what avail his incessant and heartfelt desire to please her? Evidently, none! Admiring her for her beauty not alone, but for the modest, gentle, reserved mein, but never *intending*, as he self-argued, to be utterly carried away in so short a space of time by a girl (as if any man ever *intended* the like), nevertheless, at the expiration of three days, this Green-mountain boy realized with a strong pang and a heart-twinge that this little ballet-girl, with whom he had not exchanged twenty words, had become the dream, the star, the hope of his dull humdrum life; and with a shock he made the discovery that on the morrow "The Black Crook" party would wend their way to a far-distant town, and that Yuta, perhaps, he should never see more. The agony of the bare thought of this showed him his own heart laid bare, and the bold this girl's image had there.

"You are sure you will never marry? Nonsense, Yuta, that's what all the girls say. You are sure to marry some day, and, perhaps, after all, marry a play-actor. I suppose they're all very well in their way, but you'll keep on the stage then, and go banging round in traveling companies, and never know what it is to have a good, peaceable, happy home of your own. I tell you, on my soul and honor, I'll pay, if you'll promise to marry me, to make you as happy as the day is long. As I've told you, I'm independent. I own my own farm. When father died, he left the three of us share and share alike. Mahala has her own place, and James sold the stock, his share, and went South. He was of the roving kind, and he's made his fortune. What's to prevent you from making me happy and making yourself happy with me?"

But to all his pleading Yuta turns, not a deaf ear, but a patient, sorrowful face, and a gentle but final refusal.

"Will you write to me?"

No; she will not even promise that; but she says she will not forget his kindness, and says—what any true woman with a heart in her bosom always says when she knows she is sincerely loved, to break the pain of the refusal and parting.

* * * * * * *

"Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones." So, though two years had nearly passed, Alnathan Jones was true in heart to his first love, though he had no tidings of her; and though she was entirely removed from the sphere of his life in every way, he never for a single day forgot her; and her image was as actually present to him on a bitter Winter's night, as he was speeding away by train from his bleak, Green-mountain home to New York City, as on that actual Summer's night when she had first appeared to him as the queen and the star and glory of all the glories of "Black Crook" fairyland.

"James is dying." These three words flashing to his village home summon him to the side of his brother. Perhaps no other message would have brought him there; for, though brothers, there is a chilliness between them. Blood may be thicker than water, but some perverted natures dilute it so strangely that many a man must secretly wonder if that be the same blood that flows in those veins as in the veins of him or her who claims him as kindred. Yes, "James is dying"—paying with the debt of nature the debt of many an ill-spent day—and James is dying with a very bad grace, and Alnathan is striving, though almost hopelessly, to brighten, cheer or comfort those awful hours. All James' worldly affairs are settled. Having no wife, he leaves (and does that even with a bad grace) what of earthly possessions he still possesses to his only sister, Mahala. Has he any last request? None, except that his physicians be consigned to a hotter place than they at present sojourn in. Why does Alnathan timidly and whisperingly bend over him? Is it to hear if there be any nearer and yet dearer? A snarling, impatient groan, a muttering not to be bored about womankind, and so he sinks at last into insensibility, and wakes up at last, not in heaven or in the other place, but on earth, greatly at least to his own satisfaction. James dies hard—in fact, he is so long about it that Alnathan believes and (to do his honest heart justice) hopes that he has really escaped the sting of the grave for good; but even now James has rallied enough to be propped up by pillows in a luxuriant easy-chair, and to partake lightly of good cheer again, and to drink merrily in a bumper of sherry to his own speedy recovery, that dread monarch and the physicians alone know better. Money does many things, but there are two things Alnathan Jones finds out at last it can't do—promptly buy him the address of a ballet-girl in New York, nor save his brother's life.

But to find Yuta he is resolved. He leaves a dramatic agency which he has visited for that purpose with a vague sense upon him of being a

THE PIRATE "PINAFORE."

This is an allegoric scene. We are a little in doubt whether that is a permissible expression; but if it isn't, it ought to be. Without, therefore, quibbling over words we will proceed to explain our allegory, which is one of the strongest and most artistic conceptions ever given to the world. The angry waves represent the theatric sea. The piratical-looking vessel in the foreground, with its ominous name "Runemdown," is none other than Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore. There is Majesty itself, seated close to the smoke-stack and looking down with unpitying glance upon the scene of desolation and woe. On the starboard side of the craft (we think this is right; and if it isn't, it at least ought to be) stands the stern captain who commands the piratical ship. The opinion has a nautical sound) is the figure of the stern captain who commands the piratical ship. The opinion has been advanced that these two persons (Majesty and the Captain) are intended to represent Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan; but believing that those gentlemen were innocent of the misery which has followed the launching of the "Pinafore," we are not disposed to accept this explanation. The scene about is one of thrilling sadness. "Pinafore" having sailed into the theatric ocean, all other kinds of craft which have hitherto plowed those billowy waters are being run into and sunk without the slightest compunction. Already floating spars and dismantled hulks attest to the fact; while the outstretched hands of drowning mariners are visible above the waves. That stout vessel in the background is named "The Legitimate," while the staunch ship at the extreme right is known as "Variety." Straight on towards these brave craft sails the terrible "Pinafore," bent on demolishing them from the face of the waters. It has already run down "Burlesque," "Opera-bouffe" and many minor vessels. If it continues in the same course it will soon wreck every ship that sails the sea. There will be no legitimate, no variety—nothing but the all-absorbing and nothing-sparing "Pinafore." Terrible thought! What is to be done about it?

"THE SNOWBALL,"

a farcical comedy adapted by Sydney Grundy from Offenbach's "Boul de Neige," was first acted at the Standard Theatre, London, Feb. 3.

The hero, Felix Featherstone, is a young married man who has a strong desire to witness the performance of a new comedy adapted from the French, the Parisian flavor of which he thinks may be a little too strong for the taste of his wife, and even more objectionable to his ward Ethel, his wife's sister. So the young husband, pretending to go out to dine with a friend, goes to the theatre instead to witness the highly-spiced piece in question. Great is his astonishment after a while to see his wife, his ward, and the young lady's lover, Harry Prendergast, enter the theatre. Prendergast, happening to call upon his fair one, had, it appears, been solicited to take the ladies to see this naughty piece, and the lover, only too glad to please Ethel, consents at once. From this incident arises all the complication that ensues; for the husband, fondly imagining that he was not seen, determines to give his wife a lecture on the impropriety of her conduct. He, therefore, writes a little note to his wife, asking her to see him in the drawing-room after the others have gone to bed. But Mrs. Featherstone is a woman of spirit, and resents her husband going to the play without taking her into his confidence, and resolves to punish him. Featherstone drops his little note into his wife's work-basket, and on the appointment of Uncle John, who has just arrived from the country to pay him a visit, and the secrecy of his nephew at once excites the old gentlemen's suspicions. Meanwhile Mrs. Featherstone concocts, with the assistance of Ethel, a scheme of mild revenge. She makes her pretty maid Penelope a present of the work-basket, having written in a feigned hand a letter purporting to come from Penelope to the effect that Mr. Featherstone may think himself fortunate she does not immediately tell her mistress. The young husband, supposing that the maid has received his note in the work-basket, and has thus gratified the horrified wife. He attempts to explain to his uncle, who laughs him to scorn; he appeals to Ethel's lover, but he also is incredulous; and, what is worse, the uncle, seeing his nephew endeavoring to come to an understanding with his wife, is mystified in his suspicions, and thus the domestic snowball is set rolling, and increases in size every moment. But the funniest incident of the whole is that Penelope herself is not unconscious of her power over her master. The damsel is, however, extremely quick-witted, and, perceiving that there is a secret which may be used to her own advantage, resolves to profit by it. There is a new incident now to complicate the plot. Uncle John, believing his nephew's attentions to the pretty Penelope were really serious, takes advantage of this to insist on his nephew Jonathan taking the place of Ethel's lover, "or he will tell everything." Poor Featherstone, distracted, agrees to the project, and the young lady is in despair. But, most of all, he fears the bright eyes of Penelope. To avoid meeting her under any of her fascinations he will even send the boy in buttons to ascertain whether she is in the room before he will come in to breakfast, and, his wife having written another letter for her maid to deliver, Featherstone determines at once to dismiss her rather than receive it. Amidst shrieks of laughter from the audience, we see the unhappy young husband flying from room to room in order to avoid that terrible girl and last in despair he hides behind a screen, until at last, out of the window, only to find the letter at his feet, for Penelope, bribed by promises of increased wages and presents, follows up the chase with unflagging vigor. For a time Featherstone purchases peace by a present of a banker's note, and Penelope deserts her mistress' cause; but Mrs. Featherstone is not beaten. Finding Penelope's lover, a Life Guardsman of Herculean frame, is below in the hall, she pretends that he has come to seek vengeance, owing to the note in the work-basket. The husband resolves to confess, and his misery is ended by hearty laughter, and a reconciliation in future to conceal anything from his wife. Penelope is startled to find herself checkmated, while Uncle John, burning to know the little scandal, bribes the maid with another bank-note "to tell everything." But Penelope, remembering the old gentleman by inquiring "what she is to tell." This idea of keeping Penelope in utter ignorance is most ingeniously managed, and throughout the three acts is the cause of infinite fun. The curtain falls, of course, upon the reconciliation of husband and wife, the bewilderment of the maid, the disgust of Uncle John, and the intense delight of the audience.

W. H. Vernon appeared as Felix, Harry Cox as Uncle John, F. Wyatt as Prendergast, Miss Ada Swanborough as Mrs. Featherstone, Miss Gynne Williams as Ethel, and Miss Lottie Venn as Penelope.

"L'AVENTURE DE LADISLAS BOLSKI,"

a drama from the novel of the same name by Victor Cherbuliez, was first acted at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, recently.

The subject, a very singular one, is the study of female psychology. A distinguished lady of high family, the Comtesse De Liewitz, has met in Parisian society a young Polish gentleman, Count Ladislas Bolski. He is flighty in temperament—like all the Poles I have ever known—full of enthusiasm, and falls in love with the Countess at first sight. In the hope of inspiring a corresponding passion in the bosom of the lady, he commits all sorts of extravagances, and even risks his life on several occasions. But his efforts are in vain. The Countess, however, again meets Ladislas under singularly tragic circumstances. The young man has returned to Poland in disguise, and conspires against the Russian Government. The plot is soon discovered, and then he is arrested. Ladislas avows with manly pride his intention to foment an insurrection. He is thrown into prison, is condemned to exile in Siberia, but his courageous attitude is maintained unflinchingly. Such ardent chivalric patriotism excites the deepest admiration in Madame De Liewitz. She at last returns the passion which the young hero had always felt for her, and, in order to save him, she promises to accompromise herself. She goes to the Emperor to ask a pardon for Ladislas, which is granted—only with a condition attached which is terrible for a high-souled patriot like Bolski; he must sign a declaration of submission and repentance. Madame De Liewits obtains access to the prison, and on her knees implores Ladislas not to refuse his signature. At first he resists, speaks of the compromise of his honor; but she asks him to sacrifice himself in order to save her for his sake. She even tells him that she is ready to give him the fullest proof of her affection, and leaves him the fatal paper in making an appointment with him for that very night—in her own private house. Ladislas, the youth, blinded by passion, signs his own disgrace, and hastens to the woman whom he already looks on as his mistress. He had not counted on a very natural and human, and especially very feminine feeling on the part of the Countess. She cannot see him before her, dishonored and deprived of the aureole with which his dauntless patriotism surrounded him, than she feels all her love vanish. Her only idea now is how to rid herself of this murderer, whom she no longer admires, and for whom she not even feels any esteem. The Countess leaves poor Ladislas more than ever the victim of his illusions, and the young man leaves Poland for Paris under the impression that he has been amply rewarded for his own dishonor, and that he is the happiest man alive. The explanation of the deception practiced on Ladislas is only forthcoming at the end of the play. Madame De Liewitz has ordered her maid to take her place; and Mlle. Helena, it should be noted, is not an ordinary domestic, whom one might suppose capable of doing her mistress' bidding in return for a large sum of money. On the contrary, she is the Countess' foster-sister, a friend rather than a servant, and a girl sufficiently well reared and intelligent to be considered incapable of such vile conduct. What her motive was for lending herself to her mistress' project the author does not tell us; M. Cherbuliez, probably, found it so inexplicable that he carefully avoided any attempt at explanation. Helena was substituted for Madame de Liewitz, and she ultimately, when ordered to do so by her mistress, avows the fact to Ladislas—with some show of confession, certainly—and that is all. The audience, who like Ladislas, believe all the previous scenes to be genuine, the Countess' passion, or at least of her caprice, and who have no reason for doubting it, are quite dumbfounded when they receive this astonishing revelation in the last act. The cast included Mlle Blanche Pierson as the Comtesse, Mlle. Masin as Helene, and M. Berton as Ladislas.

"A GAY DECEIVER."

This is the title of an adaptation by James Mortimer of "La Papillone," which received its first representation at the Royalty Theatre, London, Feb. 3. It is in three acts, and the plot is as follows:

The scene is laid at Scarborough. To this popular seaside resort has come Lady Constance Masham, whose husband has stayed at home to renew the joys of his bachelorhood and to revel in the delights which are supposed to come of a freedom from matrimonial restraints. Lady Masham has the fullest confidence in the integrity and purity of her husband, and she is very unwilling to entertain the suspicions which are suggested by her pretty and vivacious relation—Lady Sophia Merrivale—a young widow who comes to visit her. Lady Merrivale's husband, when in a fresh, was a tyrant and a libertine, and she has arrived at the conclusion that all husbands are tarred with the same brush. So far as Lord Ernest Masham is concerned, she is not far wrong. Standing at his club-window, he has seen a pretty face pass by a cab; he has followed it; has taken a ticket for the longest distance in the direction she is traveling; and has tracked her lady-ship to Ivy very house where his wife is staying, he, of course, being in ignorance of that fact, and further mistaking Lady Merrivale for her own maid. The lady has an ardent and a terribly jealous lover in a wild Irishman called Colonel O'Hara, who also has followed her to Scarborough, and having kept Masham for some time shivering in the cold, Lady Merrivale presently admits him, persuades him that he is in the house of an Italian beauty; he consents to be blindfolded, and is actually in this condition scared enough under love to kiss own wife. No long time elapses before he comes into collision with the fire-eating Colonel, who, of course, suspects him of designs upon the Lady Sophia. He challenges him to mortal combat, and they presently engage in a "merry chase" over balconies, upstairs and downstairs, until at last mutual explanations are offered; the married rake sees into what a trap he has been led by the mischievous widow, and determines there and then to give up his wicked ways and to become a model Benedict, the Irishman finding a reward for all his troubles in the hand of the "gay deceiver."

"LE MARI DE LA DEBUTANTE,"

a four-act comedy by M. Meilhac and Halevy, was recently produced at the Palais Royal, Paris. A correspondent thus refers to it:

Nina has been brought up under the ultra-capable instruction of a retired actress, who has not only had known all the tricks of the profession as practised in this city. Nina, consequently, is thoroughly "wide-awake," and is fitted in every way to become the wife of a little clerk named Lambertin. She has learned to act, also, and can sing sufficiently well to justify her in her ambition to become a diva some fine day. Being an extremely attractive girl in appearance, she has plenty of admirers. Among whom is a certain Vicomte, who could secure her an engagement forthwith if she would only listen favorably to his suit. Nina, however, prefers Lambertin's honest proposals, and in the second act the marriage is being celebrated before the Mayor's Adjoint of the Mairie, when the scene alluded to above takes place. This Adjoint happens to be director of a theatre, and he has just heard that his star songstress has fallen ill and cannot appear that evening. The terms which another lady has demanded for throwing herself into the breach are too exorbitant to be thought of; but the manager happens to have heard Nina sing very prettily a few days previously, and no sooner does he recognize her in the bride than he resolves to combine care for his private interests with the discharge of his official duties. Consequently, between each sentence of the Code, which he has to read as magistrate, he carries on a series of offers as manager, to tempt Nina to accept an engagement. Nothing more comical than this scene has been seen on the Paris stage for a long time. By the time that the wily official has come to the solemn closing words he has succeeded, in spite of her husband's opposition, in coaxing the young wife into signing an engagement, and, as his treasure is over the way, he brings the whole wedding-party there direct. The next scene is also droll. The stage represents behind the curtain of a theatre, with a very well-disposed audience seated in the background. Nina has changed her bridal robe for one of rather scanty proportions. Lamberthier, who is in the house, is driven wild when he sees his wife thus attired, and he kicks up such a row that the spectators become furious. A stormy scene ensues, friendly voices encouraging the poor bridegroom to accept his good fortune tranquilly. "His wife will make him spoken of," they tell him, and in the last act we find that Lambertier has taken to heart the advice thus offered him. Nina is the fashion, her husband drives about in a brougham, keeps a secretary, has influence in all the highest quarters, is in fact the complacent husband of a very pretty actress-wife.

Miss Legault, heretofore seen only at the Gymnase, made her first appearance at this house in the part of the heroine, and Geoffroy, Monthars and Calvin were in the cast.

ATHLETIC.

WESTON'S ENGLISH TOUR.

As indicative of the way in which E. P. Weston's latest mountebanking scheme impresses those writers for the English sporting press whose utterances are not influenced by well-placed white and yellow metal, we present the subjoined remarks by "Pendragon," which appeared in *The Referee* of Feb. 2:

In addition to atmospheric obstacles, Weston has suffered considerable inconvenience from the attentions paid him by crowds that turn out to bid him welcome to the towns through which he has been advertised to proceed. I don't quite understand why Weston should object to these receptions, seeing they have been specially invited by him and his executive, and seeing also that Weston's chief idea in life and the crowning glory of his ambition has, according to his own account, been ever worship by the multitude. But perhaps Weston never before realized the difference between the multitude who have paid their shillings and those who have nothing to give but empty adulation; and hence the difficulty which has arisen. No one can doubt that Weston has brought upon himself the attentions of which he complains, in the hope of garnering gate-money, and the undertaking has been one purely of business, governed by the desire of winning a bet of £200 to £100, there would have been no reason for circularizing and in other ways advertising the progress, and the pedestrian might have walked from coast to coast and made the best of his way back "on his feet," without attracting sufficient attention to have given him inconvenience. And had the desire for large gatherings been in any way productive of pecuniary result, that is, had only a small proportion of the thousand, who publicly received Weston but "sprung their roberts"—we should never have heard any complaint of the serious effect which the mob has had on Weston's probable profits. This not only cannot itself pay to hear Weston lecture, but its presence keeps away those who would not mind parting with their cash for a sight of one who so ably mixes his pedestrianism and his piety. A protest of £100 is the latest announcement that the judge (A. G. Payne) appointed to watch over the interest of Sir John Astley has returned home is of itself intelligence such as should place the arrangements of the match very much to the advantage of Weston as far as reasonable grounds, and ask ourselves whether a backer of time with a heavy bet dependent would, after specially appointing his umpire, allow him to withdraw from the scene of performance, and yet feel entirely satisfied, "so far as he is himself concerned?" The idea is simply preposterous, unless we are to believe that Sir John D. Astley wishes to rival Weston as a philanthropist, and that while one does not mind walking 2,000 miles for the benefit of humanity generally, the other does not object to losing £500 without having so much as a fair look-in for his money. The judge appointed by Sir John must have been a good deal too sincere, and really thought he had to carry out instructions strictly. It will be seen from this that, if the backer of time insisted upon his bond, it precludes the possibility of riding through the towns, as there is no stipulation at all with regard to relative measurements, and the entire distance must be compassed by Weston "on his feet," or he must be interfered with by the authorities; but he and all others who may see proper to exhibit their brutality upon pedestrians by hooting, or cause them to be cruelly ill-used or maltreated in any manner, will subject themselves to the full penalty of the law."

ROSS TO MILLER AND JOHNSTON.

The recent walking match between D. C. Ross and Wm. Miller, and the subsequent disagreement between the former and his quondam traveling companion E. W. Johnston has resulted in the issuance of the subjoined challenge by Ross, who sends one hundred and fifty dollars to show that he means just what he says. A genuine match of the sort here proposed would be highly interesting:

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 21, 1879.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* On account of certain statements made by Prof Wm. Miller in reference to our walking match, to the effect that I would not walk for glory, as he did, from which fact he considers that I am no "general athlete," I would say that I do not want a reputation as a pedestrian, it being entirely out of my specialities, and I do not wish to gain anything I am little capable of holding. I will certainly say that I do not want any more "gate" speculations, but will contend against Miller for money, singly, and allow him to select E. W. Johnston, the supposed "best general athlete," to assist him in any one or all of the following competitions: Wrestling, Graco-Roman and Cumberland style, without shoes; putting up heavy dumbbells; boxing with blackened gloves, or any other Miller may prefer; throwing 56lb weight from side and between legs; putting 56lb weight from shoulder, fair stand; throwing heavy hammer; throwing light hammer; tossing caber (not to weigh less than 16lb); putting heavy stone; putting light stone. Miller and Johnston to select ideas in the line of the competitions that will suit them. First place only to count. THE NEW YORK CLIPPER to act as temporary stakeholder and to select the referee. This challenge to remain open only twenty days, when, if not accepted, Miller will signify his willingness to accept. I will give them any time they want up to six months; and to show that I mean nothing but business, I forward one hundred and fifty dollars as a first deposit on a match to be made. I think that the undertaking will be a handsome proposition for the sanders' Hall, at the latter place, Feb. 18. Kilcoyne was altogether too much for his opponent, and won two falls in-side of six minutes.

Respectfully yours, DUNCAN C. ROSS.

If Miller prefers walking, I will walk him twenty-six hours in the ordinary style on the same conditions, $500 a side and no hippodrome. My reason for go-as-you-please is that Miller will not walk fair, and I do not want to have any disputes, and it can be avoided by "go-as-you-please." Respectfully, D. C. ROSS.

THE ASTLEY BELT.—Daniel O'Leary reached New York on Wednesday, Feb. 19, and we are now enabled to state that arrangements have been perfected for the decision of the forthcoming contest for the world's championship at Gilmore's Garden, commencing March 10, unless Rowell, who is expected here about the middle of the current week, should desire further time in which to get in fit after his voyage across Old Ocean. *The Sporting Life* of London acknowledges the receipt of the full amount requisite to entitle Ennis and Harriman to compete for the trophy. The former is at present located in this city, is in good hands, and Ennis is taking plenty of exercise in Chicago, where he resides.

J. H. MCLAUGHLIN and John McMahon on Feb. 20 put up fifty dollars apiece with *The Boston Herald* as the first deposit for a collar-and-elbow wrestling match for $250 a side, they agreeing to abide by the rules of the latter paper. The latter's choice of styles for the first bout to be decided by toss. The contest to take place within thirty days, in either Boston, New York or St. Louis, and three falls in five to decide.

THE MILE MATCH between Cummings and Livingstone, for £25 a side, is off, owing to the latter having bruised his foot through one of his spikes breaking. Cummings agreed to accept a forfeit of £3 10s., and has since made a match with George Hazael, to run a fair miles for £25 a side, in London, Eng., on March 15. Cummings is to attempt to beat record time for one mile March 29 or 31.

THREE MEMBERS of the Thames Hare and Hounds contended for the long-distance challenge cup, over about eight miles of pretty fair steeplechasing country, starting from and finishing at the King's Head, Roehampton, Eng., Feb. 1. C. H. Mason won by 300yds., after having led nearly all the way, in 46m. 5s.; B. Smith second, W. Stevenson third.

MISS LOU ROGERSON failed in an attempt to walk 100 miles in 27 hours at Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 18, 19, being obliged to quit after traveling 75 miles in 23h. 30m. Miss Tillie Devereaux then came on the track, at 6.16 P. M., and walked until 11 o'clock, when she scored 10½ miles.

GEORGE HAZAEL proposes to make an attempt, a month or so after his match with Corkery, to run from ten up to twenty miles in better time than has ever been accomplished, and he would like J. G. Chambers to offer inducements for him to "make the rifle" at Lillie Bridge, London.

THE YALE ATHLETIC UNIVERSITY Winter contests occur on Wednesday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, March 1, and will consist of fencing, wrestling, sparring, standing long and high jump, vaulting, kicking, tumbling, horizontal-bar, Indian clubs, hitch-and-kick, and tug-of-war.

THOMAS KILCOYNE of Methuen and John Carter of Lawrence, Mass., engaged in a very uninteresting wrestling match at the Saunders' Hall, at the latter place, Feb. 18. Kilcoyne was altogether too much for his opponent, and won two falls in-side of six minutes.

TUG-OF-WAR.—The spectacle of a war-tug on skates was witnessed at the Manhattan A. C. rink, this city, Feb. 18. Three teams of four men each participated, the winning quartet being C. J. Hamburg, G. W. Carr, J. D. Freeman and H. E. Springer.

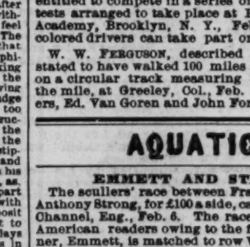
COACHMEN of New York and Brooklyn are alone entitled to compete in a series of pedestrian contests to-morrow night in place at Polytechnic Riding Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Feb. 27, 28. Only colored drivers can take part on the second day.

W. W. FERGUSON, described as a farmer, is stated to have walked 100 miles in 23h. 45m. 45s., on a circular track measuring 31 laps 5 feet to the mile, at Greeley, Col., Feb. 7, 8. Timekeepers, Ed. Van Goren and John Forrest.

AQUATIC.

EMMETT AND STRONG.

The scullers' race between Frank Emmett and Anthony Strong, for $100 a side, came off on Walney Channel, Eng., Feb. 6. The race is of interest to American readers owing to the fact that the winner, Emmett, is matched to row Wallace on March 10. After a false start and one or two feints, an even start was made by mutual consent at 10.26:30, Strong getting away with a slight lead. It was evident from the start that no great trial of speed could be expected in such water, Strong commencing his work at 32, and Emmett at 34 strokes to the minute. The slight lead obtained by the Barrow sculler only availed him for about 20 yards, when his boat, either in obedience to the wind or on account of bad steering, veered out of the course and pointed with its nose towards Emmett's, and before he could again get into work the Tyneider had come on even terms with him, and crept to the front half a length. These positions were held in a rolling long race for 500 or 600 yards, when Emmett, who was rowing a fine, powerful stroke, gradually crept away from the Barrow sculler, and when a quarter of a mile had been covered daylight could be seen between the boats. Opposite the dredging department Emmett had improved his lead to a length and a half; but at this point Strong, in response to an appeal from his stripper (Spencer) made an effort, pulled up half a length, but Emmett immediately replied to this, and regained his late advantage in the next dozen strokes. 2 to 1 on Emmett was offered and taken in several instances. The boats were now emerging out of the thick water, and it was thought Strong would now make his effort, while passing that part of the course where he was sheltered, but the most advantageous position; but, although he spurted several times, Emmett did likewise, and the latter displayed the fact of his superior form by drawing away with a two-lengths lead at the Barrow Island School, and three lengths at Walney Church. It could be seen from the referee's steamer that both boats were carrying a fair amount of water. Coming up to the ferry Strong put on an extra effort, and reduced Emmett's lead to a length, and 2 to 1 on Emmett was again offered and taken. Strong further raised the hopes of his backers when, at the dock-gates, he brought the nose of his boat up to the outriggers of the Jarrow boat; but this effort seemed to tire him, for Emmett, who apparently had the race in hand at the start, drew away again, and at the Iron Works had a ferry to spare of two lengths and a half, which, although Strong struggled on with commendable pluck and courage, he maintained to the finish, reaching the judges' boat at 10.37:25, making the time of the race 10m. 55s. G. Nelson was judge, and S. S. Lord stakeholder. The winner rowed in a new craft of the following dimensions: Extreme length, 30ft.; breadth amidships, 11½in.; height at bow and stern, 12½in.; height forward, 3¼in.; height aft, 2½in. She is built of Havana cedar with pine fittings, and is fitted with a sliding seat which works on steel tubes with lignum-vitæ fittings.



I.—LEAD AND CHOICE OF BALLS.—Standing at the head of the table, and as far apart as practicable, the two contestants shall endeavor to simultaneously play the cue-balls from within the string-line against the lower cushion, the lead and the choice of balls to be won by him whose ball stops the nearer to the cushion at the head of the table.

[Should the two balls come in contact, whether one only is in motion or both are, the player whose ball is clearly out of its true course—that is, on the opposite side of the table to that from which it was struck—shall be adjudged to have forfeited the lead and the choice. Should it happen that the balls come in contact midway while rolling to or from the upper cushion, thus implying that it is the fault of both players, they shall string again, as they must also in case the balls, unobstructed, have come to a rest at equal distances from the upper cushion. Should either cue-ball become in contact with the rest ball, conveying its proper spot, its striker shall forfeit the lead, etc.]

II.—THE LEADING STROKE.—1. He who has won in stringing may either require his antagonist's ball to be placed on the string-line spot and take the lead himself, or he may leave his own ball spotted and require his opponent to open the game. Whichever is to open the game may play from anywhere within the string, but can make no count unless his ball has hit the red before hitting the white, and cannot count, even by hitting the red first, if his ball, after coming in contact with the red, should take either side-cushion, and thence go to the lower cushion, to the opposite side-cushion, and thence onward to the white ball. (See note to this Rule.) 2. After the opening stroke, the striker plays at either ball from any position in which he may find his own, subject to certain rules as to FOUL STROKES.

[This rule abolishes the six-inch radius, of late years existing rather in imagination than in fact, and therefore a fruitful theme of lengthy moaning among amateurs. In its place is the well-defined string-line peculiar to this country, and extending across the table from the second "spot" on either side-rail, and serving as the base of the familiar head-spot. Whenever the balls are spotted, the striker can, as at the opening of the game, play from any point within the string. It will have been observed that there is a distinction between the opening stroke of the game and of the balls all except similar positions. There is an especial reason for this in match-games between experts. As that reason has no force in ordinary contests, it is recommended that the second of these positions be ignored in all but match-games, and that the first be the only position from which the striker may play.]

III.—BALLS IN HAND.—In the opening shot, also whenever by a counting stroke he has sent his ball off the table or lodged it on the cushion-rail, and likewise whenever he elects to spot balls that are "fast," the striker is "in hand." The non-striker's ball never becomes "in hand."

[When the non-striker's ball is turned off the table or lodges on the cushion, it is to be placed on the string-spot, if it is vacant; on the red spot, if that is vacant and the other is occupied; on the spot on or near the lower cushion, if both the other spots are occupied. This process is also to govern the cue-ball forced off by a non-counting stroke; while the red ball, when ever forced off, shall be placed on the pool-spot if its own is occupied. When the striker forces his own ball off the table, or, by a counting stroke, he can play from anywhere within the "string" at any ball outside of it. If no ball is absolutely outside, the red must be taken up and placed on its proper spot. Should it happen that both white balls be sent off the table by a non-counting stroke, the ball of the incoming striker shall be placed on the string-line spot, while the other shall be placed on the red ball's spot if it is unoccupied, or upon the pool-spot at the lower cushion, if that alone is vacant. Being never "in hand," the incoming striker may play either upon the red ball if it is in the string, or upon the white spotted outside.]

IV.—ON THE COUNT.—Caroms shall be counted in ones, twos and threes, and one point shall be scored by the opponent in penalty for every miss. For every direct carom, as well for every carom in which a cushion is taken but once, one point shall be given the maker. For every carom made by two or three cushions, two points shall be given him; and three points for every carom in which the cue-ball takes four or more cushions, *provided the ball that completes the carom, i. e.*, the second ball hit, *does not lie within any one of four prohibited spaces.* For a carom made upon such a ball, no matter by how many cushions, only one point shall be scored.

[A ball lying within one of the oblique lines may be played upon first, however, and a carom from it to a ball lying outside shall, if the cue-ball takes two or more cushions, command the premium here placed upon shots involving a combination of cushions. Or, two or more cushions may be taken before hitting either spot ball, or one cushion may be taken before and one after hitting an object-ball, and the shot shall count two or three, if the second ball struck is outside of the interdicted space. For the purpose of this rule, a ball whose base is exactly on either the oblique line or the string-line shall be raised as *within* it. Should it happen that the second ball to be hit is on or near the oblique line as to be not clearly outside of it, the striker shall first call "Judgment," whereupon his opponent shall answer if the ball is in or out. If one player claims that it is in, and the other that it is out, the referee shall decide; if the contest is a match; while an impartial person shall be appealed to, if the game is but an ordinary one. The different workings of this rule may seem somewhat complicated in print, but on the billiard-table they can all be comprehended in thirty seconds.]

V.—FOUL STROKES.—It is a foul, and no count can be made, if:

1. The striker plays with the side or the butt of his cue.

[This rule is designed to guard against needless injury to balls or cushion by "jamming" them, and to both by pushing or shoving over it the irregular edge of the butt of the cue. No shot is fair unless made by the point of the cue.]

2. If he does not withdraw the cue from the cue-ball before the latter comes in contact with any object-ball.

[In this rule lies the practical definition of a push-shot, in contradistinction to the apparent or actual motion of a push that is a habit with some players, without being of service to any.]

3. If he plays at a ball inside the "string" in hand, or from a point that is not within the string.

[To simplify the duties of the referee, no claim of foul in either of these cases can be made *after* the stroke. The non-striker shall warn the striker beforehand. If the former fails to do so, the referee shall assume that the stroke was fair; if the latter, warned, refuses to alter his play, unless he has meanwhile appealed to the referee as to whether the ball is in or out, that official shall assume that a foul was contemplated, and preemptively penalized.]

4. If, in the act of striking, he has not at least one foot *touching* the floor.

5. If he strikes while any ball is in motion.

6. If he plays with the wrong ball except as below described.

[Should a stroke not be claimed until the striker has made a second stroke, both strokes are valid, and he may continue with the wrong ball, or he may have the positions of the two whites reversed at once or at any other time during the run. The next striker, when it is his turn to play, shall have the same option, should he deem it hazardous to his interests to change the balls at once. Until he causes them to be changed, however, he must play with his opponent's ball, as that represents his own true position on the table. To play with his own ball, without changing its position, is to make a foul. For the same reason, a player who has just used the wrong ball without detection is refused from claiming foul in case his opponent begins play with the *other* white ball. It is also a fair stroke if, both white balls having been forced off the table, either is by mistake used in the next stroke. But the forfeiture of a miss incurred while playing with the wrong ball, even when the striker is defected in so playing, must be paid the same as if he had used his own ball.]

7. If the player in a match-game touches the cue-ball more than once in any way, or hinders or accelerates in any other manner than by a legitimate stroke of the cue; or if, during a stroke or after it, he in any way touches, hinders or accelerates an object-ball except by the one stroke of the cue-ball to which he is entitled. But, for the limitation of disputes in ordinary games between amateurs, nothing shall be rated as a stroke or a touch, whether of cue-ball or object-ball, and whether made by watch-chain, sleeve, or cue, etc., that does not move said ball. Among amateurs a ball *moved* is to be treated as a ball *touched* among experts.

[If it was a counting stroke in a match-game, the striker who touches, hinders or accelerates a ball as above described, forfeits the game; but no claim may have made; and the next striker may either play at the balls as he finds them, or call upon the referee to place them in the relative positions they would have apparently occupied but for an interference that might have been designed. For the purpose of this rule, balls all at rest mark the line between a shot just made and one that should have followed. For example, the cue-ball touched before all the balls are at rest after it has struck, or before it has completed its journey, when no count is made; touched except with the point of the cue, or prematurely with that instrument, after all the balls are at rest, the next stroke is affected, and no count can be made. The same process applies to other cases set forth in the succeeding rule prohibiting safety as an option.]

8. As touching any ball *in any way* is a stroke among experts, a second touch is foul.

[All strokes are at the risk of the striker. There shall be no playing for safety because of any one contingency set in due to excessive risk or to carelessness that another studiously avoids oftentimes at a sacrifice to himself. Therefore, should a player in any way touch any ball before he is ready to strike, and afterwards touch his own ball or any other, his opponent shall have the option of playing at the balls as he finds them or of having those replaced that may have been disturbed by the second stroke.]

9. It is a foul against the striker if any ball be disturbed, hastened or hindered by an opponent or anyone but himself, whether the ball or balls are at rest while he is aiming or striking, in motion after he has struck, or at rest again after he has struck and pending his again taking aim; in which case the referee shall assume the option as is given his opponent in Sec. 9 of this Rule.

[Should the disturbed ball be one on which the striker would seemingly have effected a count but for its being disturbed, hindered or hastened, he shall have the option, provided he himself or representative did not disturb the ball or balls, of repeating the stroke on balls replaced, or of being credited with a carom and allowed to play at the balls as he finds them.]

10. It is foul if the striker plays directly at any ball with which his own is in fixed contact.

[The cue-ball being "fast," the striker shall have the option of playing directly upon the object-ball, or of playing at a cushion and returning upon either ball first, or of playing from within the "string" at balls spotted.]

11. Every carom made by what is technically known as a "kiss" is foul, unless called beforehand.

[By a "kiss" is not meant the natural rebound of one ball from another, that being a direct carom. What is meant is when, to count, the player designs that the first object-ball he hits shall hit first the ball that will bring it with the cue-ball. When this is intended, it is enough that the player shall call "Kiss." If the carom is made by a "kiss," it will count; if made before the "kiss," and aside by it, it will still count; but in either case the player is rated as one of the few "scratches" it is practicable to exclude from the game, and there shall be no count for it.]

12. It is foul if more than two successive shots are made on balls each of which are within any one of the four interdicted spaces. The only way in which more than that number can be made in succession within that space is by sending one or both balls out and bringing them back and in again. This may be done *ad libitum*.

13. It is a foul if, in aiming for safety when it is the striker's privilege to play at all, he fails to hit a ball.

[To simplify matters, it shall be optional with the non-striker, whenever a miss is made either by accident or design by a player who has not forfeited the right to play any stroke, to accept said count that miss, or to force his opponent to play at his balls, as they may happen to be made. This rule, operative in both amateur and match-games, is mainly designed to check tedious alternate safety-plays when, for example, the two cue-balls are in diagonal contact, and the red ball not within probable counting distance.]

14. It is foul to place marks of any kind upon the cloth or cushions as a guide to play, and it is also foul if the striker, in making a perpendicular-force shot, or *masse*, is aided by any other person.

[To explain the last clause, the gas-fixtures, if in the striker's way, must not be drawn aside in his behalf; for the reason that they might not be drawn aside so thoroughly but that some unnoticed projection might be unable to command any outside aid whatever.]

15. It is a foul against the non-striker, and the striker cannot make a count on the ensuing shot, if a ball in play is lifted from the table, except it be unavoidable in those cases in which it is provided that, because of the use of irregular strokes, the balls shall be transposed or replaced.

[In case a singed fly or a speck of chalk attaches to a ball, the referee or the marker may remove it by means of a silk handkerchief or other light fabric. If it is on the ball's surface, it can be wiped off by simply rubbing the ball more than slightly, if at all. If the striker alleges that it is at the base of the ball, or on the cloth, where it cannot be seen, the referee can only assume that it is not there, and the striker must play on and so far as to cover the obstruction that it may be got at without lifting the ball. *Dirt* balls are sacred from touch except by a legitimate stroke; for, once lifted, a ball cannot easily be placed back in the exact position it occupied, and sometimes a change of one-thirty-second part of an inch will materially affect a series of caroms.]

16. It is a foul if the striker, when he has the balls on the rail, attempts to remove obstructions from their path, though it is his privilege to demand their removal.

[There is an especial reason that all obstructions shall be removed by the referee, or by the marker under the supervision of the referee, or even by the opposing player rather than by the striker.]

It is believed that the foregoing rules—with the exception of two or three that more naturally come under the head of regulations respecting the reciprocal relations of referee, umpires, markers, players and spectators, and which will probably be given next week—cover every point possible to arise in a game with three balls only. Should an omission suggest itself to any reader, we should like to have him point it out.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHAMPION'S GAME.

Below are what are submitted as the rules of the new game it is proposed to institute by a tournament in April next. It is our purpose here to note the changes seriatim.

The change as to playing from the string-line, instead of from a radius, introduces a pretty stroke not heretofore possible with spotted balls in the three-ball game, and that of late years has scarcely been seen except upon a pinpool table. It is not, however, permissible to play this three-cushion carom at the opening of a match-game. The reason need not be made public. The prohibition extends only to experts, who after a little thought will recognize the reason for it. One other change is that a player who forces his own ball off the table must play from within the string at a ball outside. It serves to distinguish the Champion's from the old French game.

There is also a change as to the spotting of balls in a case liable to occur, but not likely. The old rule, where any at all existed on the point, required that, in case a ball should be forced off the table, and the red and white spots be occupied, it should go on a spot in the centre of the table. There has never been such a spot in this country, except on a pinpool table. There is a spare spot at the foot of most American tables, and upon that a lost ball may now be placed in one of two emergencies.

The rule as to frozen balls gives the striker the option of counting in three different ways. It is harsh and unreasonable to penalize a player to the extent of spotting the balls when he is "frozen." Only at certain times, when he has to assume a special risk in order to get a special position, is "freezing" his fault. It is oftener caused by the cloth having been indented, or by the ivory of the ball, assuming it to be round, being denser at one side than in the centre.

Safety-playing, after touching an object-ball before hitting the cue-ball, is done away with. There has never been any need for the nice distinction that accidentally touching the cue-ball is more heinous than accidentally touching an object-ball. Among experts both should be treated alike. Among amateurs, it should make no difference how often a player touches a ball, so long as he does not move it; and it will lessen disputes if this should be made the rule for such players.

The idea of giving a graduated value to certain shots, and thus encouraging cushion-caroms as an offset to the tendency to nurse the balls, is commended by many. The interdicted spaces, described in the diagram, are located in those portions of the tables in which a combination of cushions is not only easy, but also almost unavoidable. No special merit attaches to a three-cushion shot, for example, in which, one cushion being taken as a starter, one or two more are added by the junction of cushion-rails in a corner. There is no premium for such. On the other hand, there are some single-cushion shots that are as difficult as any stroke calling for three or four cushions, especially if two of the

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Asurine, Mlle. (of Azurine & Monroe)
Alexander, Sarah J.
Archer, Lottie(vocalist)
Adams, Lucille (3)
Allen, Eloise
Banks, Carlotta
Belmont, Mrs. F. E
Burnett, Ada (vocalist)
Branscombe, Maude
Bennett, Julia (of May'Fisk'sCo.)(2)
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Beaumont, Stella (3)
Buckingham, Fannie
Brooks, Nellie
Christy, Maggie (2)
Cooley, Annie(care Frank Cooley)
Chappelle, Rose(of Richmond'sOp.Co
Christe, Frankie (dancer)
Cerito, Mlle. (dancer)
Cummings, Emma (late of Newhaven, Con.)
Cushman, Cora
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Carter, Carrie
Dailey, Pollie (vocalist)
Drayton, Allie
Dot(le Dumpling
Davenport, Fannie
Ellis, Florence
Emmonds, Julia(of Rudolph's Co.)
Elias, Lillie (of Fox's, Philad.)
Freeman, Millie (conortionist)
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Francis, Leonie
Fortescue, Mrs. G.
Fisk, May
Fletcher, Lizzie (Lizzie Hollis)
Fisher, Kate
Gilroy, Mrs. Jennie
Gray, Ada
Grant, Alice
Gilmore, Alice
Gilbert, Jennie
Howard, Nellie (Rose Doyle)
Howard, Minnie
Herring, Fannie
Hamilton, Maude (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Holmes, Mrs. E. S.
Haland, Rose (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W.
Jourdan, Alecia
Johnson, Mamie (of Novelty Co.)
Kimball, Jennie
Kellogg, Alice
Livingston, Stella (cornetist)
Loder, Minnie
Leland, Rose(song-and-dance)
Loraine, Emma
Lawton, Minnie
Lee, Miss (burlesque "bib")
Linden, Lillie (2)
Love, Alice
Lucille, Fannie
Merritt, Mrs. Mar-
Markham, Pauline
Marbie, Helen A.
May, Etta (vocalist)
Marretta, Mlle. (of May Fisk's Co.)
Miller, Mrs. Minnie
Moore, Clara (of Nathan, Sara A.
Oates, Mrs. Jennie
Pearl, Maggie (song-and-dance)
Robeson, Erba V. (3)
Reiffart, Miss J.
Raymond, Nellie
Sherwood, Alice
Scripion, Josephine
Stokes, Mrs. Emma
Snyder, Mrs. M. B.
Stuart, Maude (of Helen D'Este'sCo.)
Shanley, Mrs. Josephine
Starr, Ophelia
Sarony, Nellie
Sanford, Nellie(p.o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Stanwood, Ada
Tiffany, Annie Ward-
Turnour, Mrs. H. 6c.
Vernon, May
Vernon, Beatrice
Wilson, Julia (of Den Thompson's Co.)
Wilson, Mrs. Mike 6c.
Wheeler, Lizzie (of ParkThea., Brooklyn)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Arlington, Joe
Ayrtar, W. F.
Adams, Fred "Yank"
Addams, John F.
Avery, Frank
Ayrau, Fred
Anderson Bros. (sharp-shooters)
Atwood, T. (of Colliff's Co.)
Bryant, L. J. (2)
Burton, The
Banks, Billy (comedian)
Bliss, Geo.
Boisett-Family
Brown, Col. T. A.
Brown, Chas.
Brown, F. A. (of Coombs' Co.)
Brooks, Ellis L.
Binney, F. (of Gibson & Binney)
Brazzier, J. T.
Bingham, — (ventriloquist)
Barnum, P. T.
Bishop, G. H. & T.
Henderson, G. 3c.
Bowron, W. L.
Basaye, E. E. (manager)
Bland, Jas. (ofSprague's Minst.)
Bord, C. (of Boyd & Wade)
Bly, Frank C.
Burgess, C. (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Batcheller & Doris (2)
Bryant & Hoey
Burnell, Geo B.
Brennan, G. R.
Bennett, Geo.
Cummings, Billy
Caro, J. M. (magician)
Coleman, Ed.
Chenney, J. A.
Campbell, F. (with McKean-Campbell's Co.)
Cereni, Harry
Cohen, G. (of Rice's Co)
Carter, Billy "C. B." (3)
Cummings, — (of Cora & Hines)
Cressville, J. A.
Callender, Chas. (2)
Courtney, Fred
Cook, Geo. 4c. (of Sells' Circus)
Cooper & Bailey
Campbell's Circus, Manager
Conley, Geo. W.
Cotton, Ben
Cooley, C. (of Calleader's Minst.)
Chace, W. (late of Miner's Thea.)
Coup, W. C. (late of Coup, Geo. W.
Clute, Eddie
Cahill, S. The
Dixon, Geo. B. (of Harry's Minst.)(2)
Drew, T. (of Young Apollo Club)
Dan Setchell & Dupree & Benedict
DeShanty & Heng ler
De Bar, Bob
DeSalas, Brindis(of Georgia Minst.)
Dickson, H. (comedian)
Donohue, Mr. (of Donohue & Hawley)
Doyle & Tracy
Delmonico, Ralph
Dwyer, John J.
Dingess, R. S.
Donovan, J. W.
Elliott, Edwin
Ellsworth, A. (of Ellsworth & Eaton)
Elliott, W. (of Maggie Mitchell's Co.)
Everett, Geo. (spiritualist)
Ferdinand, Mr. (magician)
Fitzpatrick, J. H.
Person—an, Ed.
Fowler, T. B.
Fuller, H. (of Murphy's Comb.)
Fitz, Jr., E. E.
Fox, W. H. (Dutch "biz")
Flynn, J. (of Keat & Flynn)
Fuller, Hugh
Fields, John (musical-mokus
Finn, John (song and-dance)
Foley, Chas.
Furnman, G. (of Sell's Cir.) (2)
Freise, A.
Fraser, Robt.
Frohman, Gustave
Forbes, Chas.
French, Edwin
Fields, W. (of Fields & Leslie)
Forbes, Ned
Frost, Hyatt
Furnman, H. (of Van Amburgh's Cir. Privilges)
Foresaugh, Adam
Freeman, Willie
Gaile, Wm.
Golden, J. (of Park Thea., Brooklyn)
Good, A. D. (musician)
Girard Bros (song-and-dance)
Garland, Jos.
Gibbons, Frank A.
Gulick, James T.
Great London Circus, Manager
Gilday, Chas.
Gardner, Master Charlie
Goggett, Bud
Griffin, J. G.
Geyer, Frank
Gaston, Sam (with London Circus)
Guy, Sr., Geo. (2)
Harreman, Chas. A.
Haywood Bros.
Holske, E. C.
Holland, Paul (gymnast)
Henderson, C. W. "H. J." Manager (2)
Holbrook, J. (of Hol.brook & Ryan)
Horton, Wardy
Harris, John (minstrel "clip")
Howard, L. (of OdeonThea., Baltimore)
Hart, Harry (mins "biz")
Hall, H. T. (of Howorth's Hibern.)
Hustel, H. C.
Howorth, J. (of Howorth's Hibern.)
Hanley, M. W.
Holly, James
Hamilton, Wiley
Hutchinson, J. L.
Harvey, J. (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Irving, Phil H.
Ince, John E.
Jefferson, Joe
Jackson, Hart
Jefferson, Jos. (Rip Van Winkle)
Kyne, Frank (of Burr Robbins' Cir.)
Kurtz, Geo.
Kendall, Ed
Kremer, A. (of Ad. Richmond's Co.)
Keene, Alfred(2)
Kent, E. W.
Kinsley, H.
Kent, Frank 6c.
Kopp, F. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Keating & Sands
Kerry, Thos. (of Kerry & Mack)
Luny, Mr. (late of Shelby's Adelphi Co.)
Lair, G. (with Leotard Bros.)
Lagon, J. Fred
Locke, "Yankee"
Lyle, Jas.
Lorella, J. C.
Leotards, The (2)
Levantine, F. F.
Linton, Hiram
Leslie, James (comedian)
Leake, W. H.
Leslie, Roy (vocalist)
Laiscelle, Lyman
Lorella, Tom 6c
Lotter, John (of N. Y. Serenaders)
Lair
Leopold, Mr. (of Hamilton'sCircus)
Landis, W. H.
Morello, W. (of Morello Bros.)
"M. A. C."
Mack, J. W. (manager Jen. Hughes' Co.) (3)
Ma Shews, C. C.
McCullough, John
Morris, W. W. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Markham, H. M.
Milton, Billy
Mafin, A. W.
Murray, M. G.
Masters, Col. E.
Moreland, Hart
Morris, Chas. (of "Continental 3")
Mackay, J. (of Driver's Comb.)
Miles Bros.
Morgan, W. (of Richmond'sOp Co.
Morris, W. (of Haverly's Col'd Minst.)
Martino, Prof.
MasterCharlie(boy fire-king)
Macready, J. (of CrispSisters'Co.)
McDonald, James
Milton, Billy
Mack, W. (of Our Boarding Ho. Co.
McNish, Frank
Morrissey, Thos (Irish "bis")
McDonald, C.
Moore, F. C.
Nicholson, Paul F.
Neary, M.
Nunnemacher, Jacob "Opportunity"
Omohondra, Dr.
Original Irish 4 (Dooley, Conn & Emma Leland'sCo.)
O'Neill, Daniel
O'Connor, Jas.
Owen
Owens, Jno. E.
Pell & Lewis
Plaisted, Fred
Plattner, Plattner (balloonist)
Powers or Chas, Colins, John
Paston, Tony
Powell, Jen.
Pullman, G (of Gt. London Circus)
Palmer, Robt.
Pfaff, H. C.
Potter, W. J.
Queen & Belle
Riley, Jake (juggler)
Ryan, Jed (of Hol brook & Ryan)
Recker, Robt. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Riley, Jacob
Rowland, W. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Rowan, Geo.
Ronalds, Geo. (of Washburn's Co.)
Rice, Col. J. H. 3c.
Ryan, J. H.
Renz, Fred (rope "bis")
Richards, Al
Retlaw, Wm. (2)
Rickaby, John (2)
Robinson, O. S.
Retlaw & Alton
Rogers, Wm.
Redmond, J. (of Redmond & Clifton)
Rankin, McKee
Sells Bros.
Sutherland, Louis
Smith, Sidney (comedian)
Smith, John (banjoist)
Stuart, Ed. (of CrispSister's Co.)
Smith, Jas. B.
Sanford Bros.
Spaulding, W. (of Spauld, Bell R.)
"Star"
Steere, J. E. (2)
Strickland, W. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Sprague, Hiram
Sanford, J. L. (2)
Staleg, Jake
Stewart, Ed. (of Stewart's Comb.)
Stone, H. H. (of Amy Stone's Co.)
Sparks, Joe (of Sparks Bros.) (2)
Stetson, E. T.
Stanley, C. H.
Swain, S. C. (2)
Straight, Fred
Snow, L. A.
Stuebgen, Frank (leader)
Swonabourne, Chas. (2)
Sarony, Waters & Selby
Sullivan, Dan
Morris
Sheridan, F. (of Sheridan Bros.(2)
Selluck, M. P.
St. Clair, Archibald
Sommers, Gus (banjoist)
Sheerans, The
Townsend, Jas. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Thompson, D. (Josh Whitcomb)
Thatcher, Chas. (pianist)
Turner, G. (of Turner & Wray)
Turner, Dick
Treville, Walter (of Henderson's Co.)
Thomas, F. (of Thomas & Watson)
Tryon, T. C.
Toole, T. R.
Thompson, C. J
Vandenhoof, Geo.
Vance, S. B.
Williams & Sullivan
Woodford, R. W.
Wilson, Chas.
Woodson, Harry
Wade & La Clede
Warner, Dr. (of Warner's Mexicura)
Woodvill, Jas. (comedian)
Warfield, Tom
Wolfenden, Prof.
Wright, Charlie
Weimer, Henry
Wilmarth, Will
Wilson, Tommy
White, Cool
Watters, G. (of Walbridge Gram. Co.)
Wood, J. A.
Wildman, F. J.
Webb, J. H. 2le.
Wood & Shelby
Wren, Fred(comedian)
Young & Wife, Chas.

THERE ARE LETTERS in Madison (Wis.) Post-office for Annie Wakeman of Clifford's Troupe; Ole Bull and George Winslow.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 24, '79.

The season of Lent, which begins on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 26, is not likely to seriously interfere with theatrical entertainments, although it may place an embargo on fashionable balls, receptions, tea-kettles, kettle-drums, bass-drums, and festivities of a like character. Formerly, theatrical managers dreaded Lent as they dread the presence of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the soubrette, or of the star of the evening, or the leader of the dancers. And certainly they had good and sufficient reason for dismal forebodings, for, with the advent of Lent until the going-out of the same, managers and their treasurers had little or nothing to do in the way of counting up profits, which were as meagre and spare as a living skeleton in an uncertain sideshow. To purchase four-per-cent U. S. securities at such a time was never dreamed of, and a request for a slight instalment on the previous week's salary was a piece of impertinence never for a moment tolerated in any well-regulated temple of the drama. But a change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams, and the stage now has *all* seasons for its own; the manager heeds not the Lenten term, nor does the indefatigable treasurer shut down on salaries, or curtail the ordinary expenses of running the house. With a dexterity worthy of a professional dealer of cards, he handles the pasteboards or coupons, the while assuring the early comer that the house is sold up to the last four rows in the orchestra, and not a single seat is in the possession of the dreaded speculator!.....Brother Talmage appeared in a new role on the evening of Feb. 18, when, as an old sport in general and as a rowing and baseballist in particular, he told how races were won and won in the days when as ornamented the turf with his presence, and feathered his oars in the waste of water like the bo'sn of the captain's gig. He was seen to far better advantage in this recreative role than in his recently-adopted specialty of walking the tight-rope while occupied in the very difficult act of juggling five oranges with one hand!.....Fearful things are happening since the introduction of "The Pinafore," and when and where all the confusion worse confounded is to end we are not able to form so much as the skeleton of a conjecture. Never was the need of an international copyright law so badly felt as it has been since the introduction of this international lore as embodied in "The Pinafore" borne on the bosom of its native element. It is "water, water, everywhere," where it ne'er has been a-fore. (By giving it the proper emphasis, this word can be made to sound like *Pinafore*.—Ed.) Brothers Gilbert and Sullivan sowed the wind, and managers everywhere are reaping the whirlwind. Its ravages are terrible. One dear brother, Bradshaw by name, a singer in good standing in the choir of Rev. Dr. Boardman's church, N. W. corner of Broad and Arch streets, Philadelphia, feeling the need of a little more saving grace in the shape of trade-dollars, sought and obtained a position among the choral crew on board "H. M. S. Pinafore" farther down Broad street. When the meek and lowly ones heard of this suicidal act they bounced him like he was an India-rubber ball; and then they went to church and listened to a discourse on "Christian Charity and the Prodigal Son," with the fatted calf thrown in as Bradshaw was thrown out. Ah! if he were in as Bradshaw was thrown out. Ah! if he were in London, where even the children cry for a "Bradshaw." Bear with us, beloved brethren, while we write this beautiful poem on

THE REIGNING SENSATION.

O Sullivan and Gilbert!
You've much to answer for;
We've no desire to kill, but
We'd like to "take the law"
On you for daring to concoct
"H. M. S. Pinafore."

For through our mighty country,
Where quiet reigned before,
Now shrieks the festive fiddle,
Now sounds the trombone's roar,
While everybody shouts and sings
"H. M. S. Pinafore."

Our managers have got the craze,
Their cry is still for "more;"
Such fights for "sending chambermaids"
This never seen before.
On nearly every stage is heard
"H. M. S. Pinafore."

Ere long as Captain Corcoran
Will John McCullough roar,
While Janauschek as Hebe
Will warble from the score,
And Jefferson as Deadeye
Catch many a loud encore,
And "count their stars" that they "*put on*"
"H. M. S. Pinafore."

.....The show-world lost a big attraction last week in the death of Annie Wood, the fat girl. She was as amiable as she was fat; even the Circassian girl felt a sisterly pride in *Annie Wood*; there is not a living curiosity in the country that is not ready and willing to bear testimony to her private worth and goodness; and they are the people who would have seen her faults, if—*any would*.....While Steele Mackaye was about it, why didn't he take Stanley's whole title for his play?—"Through the Dark'—Continont."..... "The Sorcerer," presented at the Broadway Theatre last week, has no reference to, and therefore must not be confounded with, that other *saucer-er*, a dishwasher. This is a clever little bit, but here is something much neater: After seeing "The Sorcerer" at the Broadway, we proceeded to the oyster-counter of the Sturtevant, on the next block, and gazed benignly on the delicious shellfish that confronted us. Said the well-trained oysterman: "Plate o' raw, sir?" "No; give us a *saucer raw*!" The whole house raw'd at this brilliant sally, and during the hilarity we quietly dispersed.....

"Our Jim" has just handed in this item as a bit of theatrical news: "Genuwine Ward is making a tower of some of the small New England towns. This is a difficult thing to do." This brilliant scintillation was suggested probably by the reconstruction in Philadelphia of "The Tower of Babel."..... Recently, in Oswego, N. Y., a colored woman gave birth to her fourth pair of twins. Let it make a show of her, for she is more successful with hers than Wheeler was with his "Twins."

.....A full line of acrobatic and gymnastic preachers is now being organized, the latest to tumble to it being dear Brother Agnew of Philadelphia, but who, in his initial performance on Feb. 16, failed to meet the requirements of the bill, and, in attempting the Giant Leap, missed his hold, and came down outside of the net which had been carefully prepared to receive him should he fail to keep his end up. Next time the dear brother would do well to put a little more rosin on his hands, as that will enable him to stick closer than a brother. Jimmy, bring forth the untamed machine. "Give her full reins!" "Yo, ye, yo!" hearty, and let her have her head-light. "Grease her!" No; the subject is oily-gammon enough.

HERE SHE GOES.

There was a queer preacher named Agnew,
Who never the need of a rag knew;
In a theatre
He denounced the stage,
But no one was hurt but poor Agnew.

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CLEAR AS DAY.

We have had "Uncle Tom" combinations,
As everyone knows, by the score,
And the people of various nations
Have steadily cried for more;
But those who have grumbled at finding
Some counterfeit troupes in the way,
Should ask Mr. Gotthold, because they've
Gotthold of the Rial thing at last!

[Don't get rifled because it is necessary to read "Rial" real.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The Missouri Court of Appeals on Feb. 18, in the case of Mrs. Harriet De Bar against John G. Priest, trustee of Mary O. Jones, affirmed the validity of the power of attorney, executed by Mrs. De Bar jointly with her late husband, empowering the attorney in fact to relinquish her right of dower in her husband's estate. Besides being the attorney in fact of Mr. De Bar, Mr. Priest was the executor of Mrs. De Bar's estate under the will. A protracted contest in the Probate Court resulted in the validity of the document being sustained. To test the matter a suit was brought against Mr. Priest in the Circuit Court, where it was also adjudged valid. The Court of Appeals has now endorsed the ruling of the Circuit Court.

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.....Joseph Jefferson Holland, who makes his metropolitan debut, is this week added to the forces at Wallack's, where Miss Mabel Jordan also appears for the first time.....It is stated that Adolph Neuendorf is to direct the music at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, next Summer. His orchestra will comprise fifty performers.....E. A. Sothern has seen Rome, but is not ready to die. His ambition is to play Dundreary just once in the Coliseum, to an audience of 35,000 persons.....Prior to departing for California, Anna Dickinson read her new play "Aurelius" to a few literary and personal friends in this city last week.....The new Opera-house in Burlington, Vt., said to be the only one in that State, is to be opened to-night (24).....It has been erected by John F. Howard of this city.....Mrs. Charles Dickens is suffering from the effects of a fall she met with several years ago.....Nella Bartlett last week took the place of Stella Boniface in "Ours." The latter lady is ill, and her part in "Spellbound" was transferred at first to Miss Rose Osborne, who goes to California when playing R. It has at last Pacific, W. T., said to be the only one in that State, is to be opened to-night (24).....It has been erected by John F. Howard of this city.....Mrs. Charles Dickens is suffering from the effects of a fall she met with several years ago.....Nella Bartlett last week took the place of Stella Boniface in "Ours." The latter lady is ill, and her part in "Spellbound" was transferred at first to Miss Rose Osborne, who goes to California when playing R. It has at last fallen to Miss Jordan, who plays it. It has also fallen upon the shoulders of Mabel Jordan.....William Denmitt, grandfather of Marie Litta the prima-donna, died in Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 19, aged 81.....Signor Luigi Rossi, the pianist of Il Flinto Canoro, Monte Barilet last week took the place of Stella Boniface in "Ours." The latter lady is ill, and her part in "Spellbound" was transferred at first to Miss Rose Osborne, who goes to California when playing R. It has at last fallen to Miss Jordan, who plays it. It has also fallen upon the shoulders of Mabel Jordan.....William Denmitt, grandfather of Marie Litta the prima-donna, died in Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 19, aged 81.....Signor Luigi Rossi, the pianist of Il Flinto Canoro, Monte Barilet, Italy, is the smallest pianist in the world. As he is only two feet high, very little of him is visible but his name, which is a good deal.....An effort to obtain signatures to a formal invitation to Charles Fechter to play in Washington, D. C., for a week, has not proved successful.....It cost Wilhelmi $135 to write that name on the register of a Macon (Ga.) hotel recently. He does not know what it cost him.....A severe attack of bronchitis has interfered with John B. Gough's series of lectures in England.....Elsie Moore is having a play written for her.....Hi Bedouin, a baritone formerly connected with the English Glee and the Mendelssohn Glee Club of this city, is now in London, Eng., studying under Randegger. He is to return here next April.....Etelka Gerster on Feb. 25 sailed upon Presidente Thiers, and with her the White Horse and many pleasant tales from "Somnambula" and the jewel song from "Faust." Afterwards Mrs. Hayes sent to her a basket of beautiful flowers. In the evening Miss Gerster attended the closing reception of Senator and Mrs. Matthews, with whom she received for more than an hour, her presence attracting a large majority of the most distinguished persons in Washington, including most of the Senators.....Marie Roze has accepted an invitation to sing at the next Apollo Club concert, Brooklyn, N. Y.....It would appear that professionals, whether actors or singers, find heaven in Brussels. It is stated that Mme. Cleopelle and Delamar received $300 a night and a share of the profits at the Gilarius Theatre, and Mounet Sully and Sarah Bernhardt received half the receipts, $1,200 a night, between them.....At the Monnaie Opera, Adeline Patti and Nicolini were paid $1,700 a night.....*The Rochester Democrat* shows how an actor in prosperity can recall the "days when he was hurd-up:" "During his recent engagement here Dan Thompson rented a grand-bill for thirty dollars at one of the hotels, contracted long ago, and he also surprised a railroad conductor by repaying a borrowed five dollars which that official had long since forgotten. In Toronto, where he plays this week, Mr. Thompson owes $1,700, and we understand that he has called a meeting of his creditors, and intends playing there until he has paid back every cent."

.....The delightful story that a cheerful or grand music in the manuscript of Sebastian Bach had been discovered by Robert Franz, the German musical critic, is not, of course, denied by Sebastian, but it is by Robert.....There is good news in Wilhelmj, as in Dan Thompson, a few days ago, just before his arrival in Columbus, O., there had died there a woman who was very fond of music, and had eagerly anticipated the pleasure of hearing him play. A message was sent to Wilhelmj while in the chamber of death and requested the privilege of playing a requiem, as is the custom in his own German home, which was granted.....In the spectacle of "Une Fete sur la Glace," recently brought out at the Nouveau Cirque, Paris, the arena is converted into a sheet of ice. Peasant men and women first appear skating along, carrying on their heads baskets of fruit and vegetables; the next scene is a reindeer hauling the sleigh of the Czar and the maidens on the ice, which is followed by dancing on skates, with comic scenes; and, fina'ly, a race with sleds in the midst of a heavy snowstorm.....Exeter Hall meetings have been conducted by Mr. Gladstone and Spurgeon in popular. After partaking of tea with the "rollicking bun and gay Sally Lunn," as W. S. Gilbert hath it the girls sing hymns, listen to addresses, or enjoy a social chat.

CITY SUMMARY.

FREDERICK PAULDING made his metropolitan debut in the Lyceum Theatre, Feb. 17, and played throughout the remainder of the week to a fairly numerous attendance. The vehicle selected was Tom Taylor's tragedy, adapted from the French of Victor Hugo, and entitled "The Fool's Revenge," which was cast as follows:

Bertuccio	Fred'k Paulding
Manfredi	Frank Mordaunt
Guido Malatesta	F. R. Pierce
Serafino Del l'Aquilla	O. H. Barr
Torelli	Jos. Frankau
Ordelaffi	Geo. Gaston
Bernardo Ascoleti	Orden Stevens
Ascanio	Miss Genevieve Franklin
Miss Constance Hamblin	
Fiordelisa	Miss Laura Don
Brigitta	Mrs. Louisa Eldridge
Ghesta	Miss Clara Loane

This young gentleman, who for stage purposes has dropped his real surname of Dodge and assumed that of his mother before marriage, we are told by his manager, has adopted the stage simply from an unconquerable love of dramatic art. He has also been attempting the Giant Leap, missed his hold, and came down outside of the net which had been carefully prepared to receive him should he fail to keep his end up. Next time the dear brother would do well to put a little more rosin on his hands, as that will enable him to stick closer than a brother. Jimmy, bring forth the untamed machine. "Give her full reins!" "Yo, ye, yo!" hearty, and let her have her head-light. "Grease her!" No; the subject is oily-gammon enough.

HERE SHE GOES.

There was a queer preacher named Agnew,
Who never the need of a rag knew;
In a theatre
He denounced the stage,
But no one was hurt but poor Agnew.

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CALIFORNIA NEWS is sent from San Francisco under date of Feb. 23 as below:

Despite the torrents of rain which fell unceasingly, the largest attendance of the season greeted the final appearance of Miss Clara Morris at the matinee 15. As Camille, Constance in "Conscience," and Jane Eyre in "The Governess," she, during the early part of the week, renewed her former triumphs; but as Raymonde in her own version of "Mons. Adolphe," she has surpassed herself, and with it fittingly concluded probably the most successful engagement ever played in this city. The play was well mounted, and excellently acted by a cast exceedingly strong. It would seem as if the fire and magnetism of the lady's acting had, in a measure, communicated itself to James O'Neil, as he lost himself entirely in the part, and seldom has he appeared to greater advantage or rendered a more artistic and intelligent conception of the fond, noble-hearted husband than in his portrayal of Commander Montaglin. Miss Kate Denin's impersonation of Madame Guichard was an agreeable surprise, and made such a marked impression on the audience as to win for her a well-deserved recall during the second act. W. J. Jennings portrayed the part of Remy, an ancient mariner, with his usual conscientious regard to details and make-up, and his efforts were frequently applauded. As Dez Donne, Willie Seymour found a character exactly suited to his abilities, and he played it excellently well. Owing to the illness of Lewis Morrison, who has been confined to his room for a week past with bronchitis, the part of Monsr. Octave was announced for Jennings, but he personated the character signed to James A. Herne, who personated the part with ability. This evening (15) James O'Neil will, for his benefit, present "David Garrick," the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," and the fourth act of "Othello," in which Miss Morris has kindly volunteered to appear. On the 17th a season of minstrelsy will be inaugurated by Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West. The regular company of the theatre will commence a short season in the new and most likely, in medicine "Within an Inch of His Life" in the Grand Opera-house. The production of this play is likely to do considerable injury to the prospects of "Almost a Life," which, rumor has it, was to be shortly produced at the California by a New York company..... The rain and the poor support furnished by Cyril Searle, who had been imported expressly to depict Antony, has seriously effected the attendance at the California, whereas Fanny Eytinge has furnished her superb impersonation of Cleopatra during the week, save on 13, when a severe indisposition, consequent on our glorious climate, prevented the lady from putting in an appearance. The engagement were necessitated, at the last moment, to produce "The Lady of Lyons," with Miss Mary L. Young and Cyril Searle in the leading parts. Miss Young has been ill since that evening, the audiences are loud in their praise of Miss Eytinge's Cleopatra, which has been changed very materially since her last appearance in this city. "Rose Michel" will be produced 17, 18, 19, 20, and Saturday matinee, "East Lynne" 21, and "Oliver Twist" 22. "Kate Peyton," a new play, is in preparation. The electric light used at this theatre has been a success, and would prove of benefit to spectacular productions, no matter what may be the condition of the weather, large audiences intent upon being amused are mightily attracted to the Bush-street Theatre, where N. C. Goodwin and Lotta Crabtree will weather Con. by combination, gratifies their wishes with "Hobbies." So great has been the success of this burlesque that it will remain the attraction for another fortnight at least. Although the theatre is closely sonded to substitute another farce for "Under the Rose." As Minnie Clover, Miss Eliza Weathersby has no opportunity to display her talents, and sacrifices her very natural desire to win professional honors in favor of the other merits of "Hobbies" may be displayed all the more prominently. T. H. Burns, W. J Stanton and Miss Elma Delaro materially assist Prof. Whiffles and the fairy in their respective parts, the remainder being hysterical. ....."Conrad the Corsair" has been the attraction at the Standard, where, notwithstanding the popularity of the Rice Surprise Party, and the fact that they are in their old stamping ground, the audiences are not large, comparatively at their merits demand. Owing to the illness of Miss Marian Singleton, Miss Lizzie Mulvey has been called upon to assume the character of Medora, which she has done creditably. "The Corsair" does not amount to much, and is one of the poorest extravaganzas in Mr. Rice's repertory. The party will leave for Chicago 17, taking with them the best wishes of our people. Rentz's Female Minstrels will open this theatre 17 for at least six weeks..... Ned Buckley, the proprietor of the Adelphi, struck a bonanza in the engagement of the Victoria Loftus British Blondes, which terminated their appearance 10. The theatre has been crowded every night since the initial performance, and it is Ned's sad office every evening to refuse the admission and money of late comers. Owing to the limited stage accommodations is not so streng in the variety feature as the management would desire; but as they have telegraphed to the East for talent, the missing links will shortly be supplied. Perhaps the best feature of the programme is the skipping-rope dance by Lottie Elliott, who merits the applause her dancing highly receives. Harry Le Clair is one of the best female impersonators ever seen in this city. He appears in a sketch, "The Star-struck Chambermaid," in which he impersonates five distinct female characters with such artistic finish as to entitle him to the many rounds of applause he received before the curtain. The Elliott Sisters do fairly in a double-clog dance, but appear to better advantage in their Indian-club swinging. James Marlowe gives general satisfaction in song and banjo solos. Carroll, Arkham, Hughes and Hunter do fair specialty business. The heavy rains and the strong competing attractions elsewhere have for the first time in many years knocked the Bella Union out of time, and the attendance has been awful. Master Arthur Sullivan, the Australian Marionettes closed with the week. Reed and Bree's amusing eccentricities in their specialty "What Next?" made a hit. On the 17th Cummings and Harrington commence an engagement of sixteen nights at the Richmond Theatre. Josie and Lulu—one of twelve weeks. The party who stood sponsor for the engagement of the Loftus Blondes in this city claims that Cummings and Harrington could not, legally, enforce the California, where the engagement of the Bella Union as their contract was still binding with the Blondes and will has been commenced against the parties, and their waiirobes have been attached. J. C. Davis, the manager of the Blondes, and Mr. Hayes, the stage-manager of the Bella Union, had a wordy altercation about the matter a few evenings ago, and, apprehending bodily harm, Mr. Lipsia had the manager of the Blondes arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Alfred as the Lord Fisherman, Harry Dixey recently mingled with the audience at the Bush-street Theatre during the performance of "Hobbies." Being recognized, in response to the clamorous wishes of the audience, Mr. Goodwin, he climbed on the stage and gave one of his inimitable dances, which he was compelled to repeat amidst the cheers and laughter of the amused audience and performers. ..... Mr. and Mrs. Florence depart for Chicago 19..... Mme Jaffa will make her first appearance since her return from Europe at a concert 20 in Platt's Hall, for which a host of musical talent has been secured. Mme. Sargelli of Paris will make her first appearance..... The Schmidt Quintet announce their farewell series of concerts, commencing Feb. 18. The subscription list was entirely taken up a week ago, and the concerts, "according to the late Robert Heller," announces the first of a series of illusions 15.

OUR BOSTON, MASS., LETTER, dated Feb. 23, gives amusement news as under:

Our managers had very inclement weather to contend against during the first half of the month, which affected the attendance in a marked degree; but the holiday 22 increased business, and a fair average can be reported. After an absence of two years or more from our local stage, Dion Boucicault made his reappearance in the Boston Theatre 17 as Conn in "The Shaughraun" to a good sized attendance, which increased the latter part of the week, when the theatre was crowded. The play and acting of Mr. Boucicault is well received by the favorite recorded old friends, and are as amusing and entertaining as of yore, while the support has been such as to elicit general satisfaction. Irwin Jahame has a good conception of the part of Captain Molyneux, making of the English officer a gallant and earnest gentleman, and one worthy of the favor bestowed by his warm-hearted and impulsive Irish countrywoman. Mark Price was unusually scientific remains as the squireen Cory Kinchella, and lent strong individuality to this most disagreeable part. Miss Anna Warren Story gave a quiet impersonation of Arte O'Neil, and Fairy Fellows made a good thing of Robert Frolliott. D. J. Maguunis made, as many times before, a very strong impression as Harvy Duff, and was one of the most prominent figures of the play, while C. Leslie Allen and Miss Elsa Wyndham as Jessie Brodie renewed their former successes. Miss Ethel Lynton could hardly be surpassed as Josephine. Carrie Burton made a pert and pretty Bebe; while the tuneful contralto of Mrs. Flora E. Barry was heard to signal advantage in several solos, notably Sullivan's 'Lullaby,' which was introduced in the third act with much success. J. J. Benita, the Dick Deadeye of the cast, was, next to Mr. Bell, the best feature. He is a first-class comedian and a basso of no mean calibre. The chorus numbers sixteen, and is unusually capable; while F. W. Zaulig, who officiates as conductor, is seemingly the proper man for the position. Friday evening Miss Annie Louise Cary occupied a box..... The Strakosch Opera Troupe, including Cary, Litta, Conly, Rho, will sing "Mignon" in Tweddle Hall 22."

SEVERAL SONGS made popular by well-known performers are advertised by Geo. Molineux.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE," "The Sorcerer" and "The Little Duke," the full vocal scores, selections, etc., can be obtained at C. H. Ditson & Co.'s advertised address.

BOGAN'S BANJO MANUAL can now be obtained for $1. See card.

C. M. BRINKERHOFF has published a fifth edition of the song "I'll not Forget the One Who is All the World to Me." See card for price, etc.

D. A. BENNETT, second-violin, alto or tenor, can be engaged. See card.

GEO. C. DONSON advertises new banjo music.

MME. CLARA BRINKERHOFF sings in Whitestone, L. I., for the Episcopal Church fund Feb. 24.

DOLE BLUM celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday Feb. 15, in Madison, Wis., receiving numerous calls from his countrymen.

F. W. ZAULIG is the musical director of J. G. Saville's "Pinafore" Company.

THE OAKES CONCERT COMPANY as organized at present includes S. Burt Oakes, John H. Oakes, Johnnie Prindle, J. M. Rodi, Wm. C. Penfield, E. Thomas, and Misses Frankie Keith, and Joe. H. Barnes, agent. They played in Fairburg, Neb., Feb. 17, Hastings 18, Friendville 19, Lincoln 20, 21.

THE LILIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY, including Jennie Quigley, Sarah Belton, Ella Kirtland, Admiral Dot, Prince Louis, S. E. Haughton, Gen. Joseph Totman, Mr. Steene and Col. Noah Orr, can be engaged to appear in the operetta of "Jack the Giant-killer." See Manager D. S. Thomas' card.

SONGS from the comic opera of "H. M. S. Pinafore" can be obtained at G. W. Richardson & Co.'s address. See advertisement.

S. S. STEWART'S AMERICAN STAR BANJOS and banjo music of all kinds are advertised in his and elsewhere.

AT THE TEATRO DE LA PAZ, Havana, Cuba, the Italian-opera Troupe played "Faust" Sunday night, Feb. 9. Senor Arambura, one of the tenors, took a benefit 11, appearing in "La Favorita." At the conclusion of the opera he sang a "Jota pot-pourri" of songs, and was vociferously encored. The house was thronged to its utmost capacity and the beneficiary was made the recipient of numerous tokens of admiration by the audience. "La Favorita" was played all the week. A violin concert was held 14, with Diaz Albertini as the attraction.

SHAFFER'S BELLRINGERS performed in Chicopee Falls, Mass., Feb. 18, 19, Collin's Depot 20, Three Rivers 21, Stondville 22, Thorndyke 24. The company included among the special performers Louise and Oscar Shaffer, Hattie Sampson, Helen M. Warren and F. E. Benden.

A CORNET-PLAYER advertises for an engagement. He can act as leader and play in string band.

FRED WHILLOCK, baritone or tenor and second violin, desires a position for the tenting season. See card.

FREDERICK BLUME publishes "Colleen Dhas Machree" and several other new songs, which are advertised in another column.

MESHLER & MILLER will take a "Pinafore" company on the road March 3. It will be under the direction of J. E. McDonough, who will play the Boatswain, with Annie Pixley as Josephine; E. Lamb, the Admiral; Con. F. Murphy, the Captain; Jennie Reignolds, Buttercup; Laura Lacey, Hebe; and G. North, Deadeye. The route will be Wilmington, Del., 3; Norristown, Pa., 5, Trenton, N. J., 6, Allentown, Pa., 7, Easton 8, Wilkesbarre 10, Scranton 11, 12, Wilkesbarre 13, Williamsport 14, 15, Pottsville 17, Reading 18, Lebanon 19, Harrisburg 20, 21, and Lancaster 22, 23.

AL. BAUR'S BANJO-MUSIC, including new songs, solos, variations, etc., is advertised in another column.

ADAH RICHMOND'S TROUPE sang in New Haven, Ct., matinee and night Feb. 19, and the Strakosch Opera Troupe 22.

A BAND OF FIVE PIECES is wanted by the Webb Brothers, as per card.

"SONS OF IRISH DUKES" and "Arm in Arm" are among Harding's new song issues. See card.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE commence a two weeks' engagement in the Museum, Philadelphia, Feb. 24, in "H. M. S. Pinafore."

THE HOLMAN OPERA COMPANY again reproduced "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Feb. 20, for three nights and a matinee, with the same scenery, costumes and cast as used last week. The attendance was large..... The Strakosch Opera Company gave four performances at the Grand Opera-house, commencing March 3.

A PICCOLO and tenor player is wanted for G. W. Dixon's Great Western Military Band. Address as per advertisement.

BOSTON, MASS., ITEMS.—The Apollo Club gave an invitation concert in Music Hall Feb. 19 assisted by Mr. G. W. Sumner, pianist; Carl Eichler, viola; Julius Eichler, viola; Wulf Fries and Carl Behr, violoncellos; August Stein, bass; William Reitzl, flute; Carl Faulwasser, oboe; and Edward Schuberth, harp, and directed by Mr. Lang..... The concert announced by A. A. Marcus for the benefit of the Hebrew Fair Jan 20 was not given, owing to the action of the Police commissioners in refusing a license for the entertainment, the Mechanics' Fair Building, in which it was to occur, having been ordered to be removed after 17. ..... Madame Carpanini's annual concert in Music Hall was a very successful affair, by the appearance of Myron W Whitney, basso; William H. Sherwood, pianist; Albert Van Raalte, violinist; and J. Frank Donahoe, organist, and the assistance of pupils of Madame Carpanini. ..... A musical entertainment under the direction of Signor Vincenco Cirello, assisted by S G. Preston, was given in the Art Club Rooms 22 .... The sacred concert at the Gaiety Theatre 23 was given by Brown's Brigade Band; Master William H. Lee, boy soprano; Frank Gilder, pianist; Carrie E Hale, reader; H. C. Brown, cornetist; and Theo. Cook, violinist..... The afternoon and evening concerts at the Conservatory of Music of Paris building will introduce the Ninth-regiment Band; Maud M. Tucker, soprano; Master Charles Higgins, violinist; and C. C. Ward, cornetist..... A sacred concert will be given in Turn Hall 23 by F. M. Scott, violoncellist; John G. Mead, tenor; Mrs. H. M. Keff, soprano; Miss A. Koch, mezzo-soprano; H. Mayer, baritone; and J Noeroth and A. Schubert zithers.... An old folks' concert by members of the choir of the Warren-street Church in the Boylston Hall 28..... Aptommas the harpist will shortly reappear in Boston. ..... John A. Preston, pianist, assisted by Miss Annie Louise Gage, vocalist, gives a concert at Mechanics' Hall 27..... Mme. Teresa Carreno and Miss Kate L. Janes.

EMMA ABBOTT and the Hess Opera Company closed at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Feb. 15, a most successful engagement. 14, in "Faust." Miss Abbott made a great impression, and was the recipient of numerous floral offerings. Mr. Peakes as Mephisto shared the honors. Of the company, Mrs. Seguin, Miss Montague and Miss Randall have established themselves as popular favorites.

THE OAKES OPERA TROUPE opened at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 17, for two weeks, and have been favored with large audiences. "Les Cloches de Corneville" was given the opening night, and repeated 18. Mrs Oates' company has several good voices, and at least one good actor, James A. Meade, whose impersonation of old Gaspard the miser was an artistic success. The other operas presented were "La Mascotte," "La Perichole," and "Girofle-Girofla." "H. M. S. Pinafore" is underlined.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY open in Montreal, Canada, Feb. 24, for three nights and a matinee.

THE PARK (SQUARE) THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., week "Pinafore" was presented by a varied company to packed houses On Tuesday night Max Maretzek led the orchestra and Harry Laurent sang Ralph Rackstraw. Afterwards Mr. Maretzek presented Miss Bertha Pay taking the place of Lizzie McCall as Josephine, and Russell Glover singing in Laurent's place. The others in the cast were Vincent Hogan, Sol Smith, Miss Helene Girandeau, A. D. Barker and Harry Chapman. The piece will run another week.

"THE PINAFORE" FEVER is about to strike Cincinnati badly. The opera is billed for Feb. 24 at Heuck's Opera-house, "H. M. S. Pinafore" (Cincinnatian), at the Colisem by Pauline Markham, and at Pike's Opera-house by home talent. March 3 the Oates Opera Company open in it at the Grand Opera-house, and the same evening another organization is to produce it at Robinson's Opera-house.

VOGEL & ZINNERMAN'S "H. M. S. Pinafore" Company open in Cleveland, O., for one week, Feb. 24.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., Feb. 17, 18, "H. M. S. Pinafore" was given. Matinee billed.

IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., the Lilliputian Opera Company are billed Feb. 24, 25, 26, and Saville's Opera Company in "H. M. S. Pinafore" 27, 28, and March 1.

THE SAVILLE OPERA TROUPE present "H. M. S. Pinafore" in Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 25, 26.

PRINTING for "H. M. S. Pinafore" is offered at exceptionally low rates by J. E. Jackson, who advertises.

THE WELL-KNOWN BEST BROTHERS, cornet-players, are appearing nightly in solos and duets on that instrument at Tony Pastor's Theatre and Park Theatre, this city, where they meet with warm applause. They can be addressed as per card.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE," complete, is published by W. A. Pond & Co., who advertise.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., last week received the favor of fair-sized audiences. The performance opened with "The Post-boy," in which appeared T. H. Plummer, Al. Decker and Spray Arlington, and was followed by the nautical vocalist Myles Morris, "Punch" Walton in a ventriloquial and musical act, Tillie Antonio in serio comic songs-and-dances, George Kurtz and Nellie Brooks in their musical specialty "The Orphan Child," Polly Darby in vocalisms, the equilibrist Levantine in posturing and balancing feats, Sam Devere's banjo-solos, songs and sayings, Nellie Brooks and Dan Leavitt in sensational songs, and a condensed version of "Hidden Hand," Sam Devere appearing as Wool. The afternoon and evening of 20 was devoted to a farewell testimonial to J. McFadden, late stage-manager, when, in addition to the performers named above, the following volunteers appeared: Jerry Cohen, Bob Allen, Billy Dolan, Jones and Creston, Charles H. Yale, W. C. Cameron, J. Wells, Clayton, Weston and the trained dog Jerry, Kelly and O'Brien, Hume Brothers, and Burt Watson. 21 amateur night, a sparring match between Patsey Sheppard and Professor Connelly was given, Fresh stars 24: Mabel Pearl, El Wino Eddie, Jack Harrington, and Walsh and King. .....Le Palais Royal Museum reopened as a first-class place of variety amusement afternoon of Feb. 22, and was attended by a crowd of visitors. The entertainment consisted of a first-part minstrel-scene called "The Army and Navy," followed by Ida Rivington, vocalist; Neil Smith and trained dogs; Fred Mortimer, character artist; Allen and Hart, negro comedians; and the Tennessee Jubilee Singers. The attraction will be augmented the present week by Grace, Florence and Blanche Sherwood. Blanche Slader, Charles Willard, the Francois Brothers, and the Misses Clifford, Seguin, Ray and Carter. In connection with the entertainment given in the theatre proper, a number of curiosities will be exhibited in a lower hall, prominent among which are the Circassian girl, the wild boy, and the Bohemian glass-blowers. The prices are fifteen cents admission, and fifteen and thirty-five cents extra for reserved chairs. Performances are to be given each afternoon and evening. The officers are: Proprietor and manager, Howard Slade; director, T. E. Jeffrey; treasurer, F. E. Richards; business manager, Charles Willard; scenic artist, D. V. Story; business agent, F. J. Martin.

VARIETY NEWS from Baltimore, Md., to Feb. 23 is as under: "An excellent show was given at Kernan's Central Theatre, where the new arrivals Feb. 17 were Cool Burgess, John and Emma Whitney in change sketches, McCauley and Howe in double harp songs-and-dances and their quick changes to pedestal and acrobatic clog-dances. It was a pleasant surprise to see so capable artists in something new and entertaining. Niles and Evans are old favorites, and are always welcome. Prof. White needs some encouragement, as he is now the professor, and his dogs are remarkably well trained, and do a number of new and amusing tricks. The Clinston Sisters and May Hamilton remained over from last week. Annie Boyd appeared as a serio-comic this week. Business good. The departures 22 were the Whitneys, to New York; May Hamilton and Prof. White and dogs, to Washington; Niles and Evans, to Pittsburg; and the Clinston Sisters, to Philadelphia. Business good. Fred Wilson, Tom Rogers, Tillie Graham, the Grinnells, and 'H. M. S. Pinafore.'..... Those opening at the Front-street Theatre 17 were Gracie and Florence Sherwood, song-and-dance; Fred and Charley Sharpley, musical mokes; Baby Blanche, serio-comic; Sam Lang and Dollie Sharpe in Dutch specialties; Charles Castello in mid-air exploits; and Ida Collins, Ada Isaacs and their horse Wade Hampton. Ada Isaacs is evidently related to Maseppa, and was a trifle nervous. O. B. Collins as Abder Kahn was very good, as also was D. A. Kelly as Premislaus. Business fair. The departures 22 were the Sherwood Sisters, to Boston; the Sharpleys and Castello, to New York; Sam Lang and Dolly Sharpe, to Cleveland; and O. B. Collins and Ada Isaacs, to Philadelphia. The Vienna Troupe, Little De Granville, Prof. Frank Wardell, saxophine artist, and the Suydam Brothers and Sylvester and Everett are announced for 24..... The new people at the Odeon were Morris and Fields in absurd Dutch specialties, and Millie Malmberg, a richly-gifted vocalist, who made a great success. Business good. The departures 22 were Kitty Sheppard, to Philadelphia; and Emma Rice, to New York. To open 24: Dan Shanks and Mollie Fay. .....There and Back," pantomimists, applied for and secured an engagement at the Novelty for this week, were extensively billed, and late Sunday night telegraphed from Cincinnati that they could not open Monday night, giving no reason for it and have not written a word in explanation since. Letter of Feb. 21.

ADA LESLIE can be engaged to perform in her aquatic specialties. She will be assisted in her acts by Prof. Beach the man-frog. See card.

ARCHIE WHITE and Ella Esmond, sketch artists, are highly recommended as attractive performers by Manager Gooding of the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. See advertisement.

JULIAN KENT called at THE CLIPPER office Feb. 21 and stated that our St. Louis, Mo., correspondent was in error in reporting the cancelling of Mr. Kent closing his engagement Feb. 7 in the Globe Theatre, there. Mr. Kent never agreed "to bring a live bear with him," and in proof thereof exhibited his contract with Manager Decker, which plainly states in effect that he was to furnish a bear's skin and a man to work it. He also states that the cause of the difficulty which led him to close his engagement "was of a pecuniary nature."

THE OPERA-HOUSE, East Saginaw, Mich., is to be reopened March 3 under the proprietorship of Warren Bordwell and the management of Harry Leslie.

MISS HATTIE L. PIERCE, professionally known as Alice Louden, informs us she was married at her residence, in Brooklyn, Feb. 18, to R. C. Galindo of South America, by Rev. W. H. Russell.

THE ADELPHI CONCERT COMIQUE performed in Spencer, Wis., Feb. 18, Medford 19, Colby 20, Marshfield 21, Stevens Point 22, and are billed in Ogdensburg 24, Manawah 25, Northport 26, New London 27. The company includes Charles Archer, Harry M. Clark, Melle Gibbons, Minnie Clare and Kathleen Moran. Walter Leroy is the agent, and the company travel in their own conveyances.

BRYANT AND HOEY and J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan are to travel with Tony Pastor's Combination the coming season.

COMBINATIONS can secure engagements for May and June by addressing Adolph Nachman, as per advertisement.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Harry Hill's Theatre. See card.

A YOUNG MAN wants a position in a variety theatre. See W. Lewis' advertisement.

GEORGE GOODMAN, comic singer and motto-vocalist, has been giving successful performances at the Volks' Garden, this city. Stage-manager Shaw recommends him highly. See card.

MME. D'ORME appeals to her professional friends and acquaintances for pecuniary assistance, her means having been exhausted during her husband's last illness. She may be addressed at 220 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

AT THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the Gorenflo Sisters—Millie and Rose—opened Feb. 17. Louise De Luist closed 19, going to Baltimore. Billed for 24: Rose and Jennie Leland and Dave Regan; for 26: Christine Percy and Gussie Leach.

WOOD AND REASLEY are meeting with success at their performances given at Harry Miner's Theatre, this city, where they perform until March 3. Their musical act has proved a taking one. See card.

PROF. GEO. WAMBOLD, equilibrist, contortionist, etc., with his troupe of dogs, and Master George in his posturing and classical groupings, are open for engagements. See cards.

JOHN DUFFY, late manager of the Grand Central, Philadelphia, Pa., has made an affidavit that eleven of those who have sued him for salary alleged to be due are not entitled to the amounts claimed..... The suit to have the recent sale of the New National set aside will be argued March 1. If decided in favor of John Y. Betz, the purchaser, he will make it a legitimate English and German theatre.

BALLET LADIES for chorus in "Pinafore" are wanted at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. See Manager E. D. Gooding's advertisement.

NED STRAIGHT changes his quarters this week to the advertised address.

A GOOD BUSINESS was done at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., last week; the performance being given by Manager Mitchell's new company. The Parker Sisters in song-and-dance showed much improvement since last seen here; the Lenton Brothers did a good acrobatic act; Kitty Alleyne was quite successful in serio-comic vocalisms; the female impersonation of J. Arthur Doxy hardly reached the customary standard, and his partner, Robert Malcolm, did little better. Their combined efforts were cast in the shade by W. Henry Rice, who appeared later in the evening. Huber and Allen in a musical sketch won a fair share of applause, and Dan Sully's Irish business created a deal of laughter. The St. Felix Sisters furnished the most pleasing performance of the evening, and Parker and Radcliffe filled out the bill with negro acts. J. Arthur Doxy and Robert Malcolm close 22. The Davenport Bros. and Cummings and Mack begin 23..... At the Globe the attraction was E. T. Goodrich as Grizzly Adams, his engagement terminating 22, when he goes to Kansas City, Mo. Mark Murphy goes to Louisville. To open 23: Nellie Germon, Williams and Sully, and Addie Palmer. Frank Decker and pantomime troupe returned 21. After a successful trip through the northern part of the State Mr. Decker will again assume his old position in the box-office..... At the benefit of Fred Keller at the Comique 20, Ed. Haley of the Haley Brothers made his first appearance since his recent illness, and was warmly greeted by the audience. The Nondescripts made their first appearance in their new act entitled "Snaps," which was proved to be an original idea, and one that should take well when perfected. Letter of Feb. 21.

AT WALDMANN'S NEW THEATRE, Newark, N. J., business fell off a trifle last week, owing principally to other attractions in town. Fair business was done, however, and the performance (except "Our American Boys," as written by Wm. H. Rightmire, which was withdrawn after the third representation), was fair. Departures 22: The Fieldings, to Brooklyn; Harry Bennett, to Philadelphia; Ida Farron and the Cliftons, New York; Devlin and Tracy, Baltimore. To arrive 24: The Lorellas, Louise Montague, the Millons, La Petite Julia, McVicker and Sanders..... The Theatre Comique has done a splendid business, and is picking up wonderfully under its new management. The new local drama written by J. Stanzill has met with such success that it will be kept on another week. The new scenery by M. Hurley was appropriate and cleverly executed. Most of the olio people were good, Susie Dillon meeting with a favorable reception. Departures 22 are: Miss Jeffreys-Warner and John Pendy, to Taunton, Mass.; Sylvester and Ewbrett, to Baltimore; the Dillons, Jas. Mason and Conroy and Daly, to New York. To arrive 24: Murphy and Morton, Barlow Bros., Jennie Lindsey and Dick Rowe.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a fair business the past week. The new appearances were Bella Bent's Blonde Minstrels, Harris and Wood in Dutch songs-and-dances, Favor and Shields in Irish specialties, Frank Lewis in motto-songs, Topack and Long in break-neck songs-and-dances, Lizzie Dailey in clever jig, reel and clog dances. Jake Budd's new burlesque of "Blue Beard," with big John Robinson in the title-role, concluded the performance each evening. Departed 22: Harris and Wood, to Philadelphia, and Josephine Shanley, to Pittsburg. Announced for 24: May Hamilton, Fanny V. Reynolds, John Redmond, and Ada Clifton.

AT THE NATIONAL, Hartford, Ct., the new people last week were Haley and West, high-kickers; Mullen and Magee, Irish sketch artists; Lew Hallett, a witty Ethiopian comedian; Den Howe, general performer, who assumed the stage-management in D. Griffin's absence; Irish specialties; Lucie Farrell in well-rendered songs with quick changes; Lizzie Mulvey, song-and-dance; and Nellie Kemp, serio-comic; all of whom closed 22, except Den Howe, Nellie Kemp and Minnie Farrell. Announced for 24: Tommy and Annie Dayton, Moore and Lessenger, Perry and Magrew, Sig. Elviro and Miss I. O. and J. D. Kelly.

THE ARRIVALS at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., Feb. 17 were Holmes Grover Jr., and Miss May Dr Lome, Emma Wells and Jennie Ray, and Prof. Everett. Closing 22: Holmes Grover Jr., May De Lome and Prof. Everett, to Cleveland; Emma Wells and Jennie Ray, Lottie Archer and Johnny Pierce, to Columbus. Opening 24: Frank Jones and Alice Montague, Effie De Rock and Gallagher and Reynolds.

ARTISTS can find engagements at the Volks' Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. A good quartet is wanted for March 3. See cards.

MUSIC HALL, Portland, Me., will reopen Feb. 24, under the management of W. H. Howard, with J. Harrison stage-manager. Variety talent is wanted as per advertisement.

JOHN MCFADDEN, late stage-manager of Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., has leased the Church-street Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., and will open it March 3 as the Gaiety Theatre, with Harry Montague as stage-manager.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the business can find engagements at the Tivoli Garden Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa. See Manager Erwin Thomas' card.

WELCH & RICE'S MINSTRELS, Zanfretta's Pantomime Troupe and Kruger's Burlesque Pinafore Company are formed a combination, and will take the road March 3 as "Welch & Rice's Minstrels," under the managers and J. Kruger stage-director. A list of people in the various casts is published in the card elsewhere. They carry with them scenery, trick apparatus, etc.

EDNA MARKLEY, Curry, Hall, Forepaugh and Dunbar, and Harry Richmond and Acland von Boyle in their drama "Beware of Tramps," were the attractions at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, for the week ending Feb. 22. Charley Banks in his burlesque of "Grant's Trip Around the World," the Livingstone Bros. and John Murtz, Mlle. Elise, the Courtland Sisters, and Maggie Nichols open 24. Harry G. Richmond, who is now assistant-manager of this house, will shortly produce a complimentary benefit, for which a large number of professionals have volunteered. Business good.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, the specialty people for the week ending Feb. 22 were Alexander Zanfretta, Tom Vance, James and Lydia Sheeran, Bryant and Williams, A. J. Talbot, Lawson and Jones, J. L. Manning, Lizzie Richmond, and Golden and Adams, all of whom, with the exception of Zanfretta, Vance and Talbot, closed on the above date. Business good. John Reilly, Chas. A. Loder, Harris and Wood, Lord and Van Leer, Leonard and Moore, the Alhambra Quintet, and Dolly Davenport appear 24. "H. M. S. Pinafore," with Sam S. Sanford as Sir Joseph Porter, will also be a feature of the week.

AT EECKES' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 22, the specialty people were the Rixford Bros., Fred A. Plaisted, Billy O'Day, John Klotz, Mulligan and Morris, Ned Oliver, the Bauer Sisters, and Nellie Weeks. Tom Haywood is now stage-manager, vice Lou Frazer. Business light. Ella Warner, Lloyd and Parker, J. H. Sellie, Conway and Farrell, Jas. Woodville, and Billy O'Day will be the new faces Feb. 24. Billy Wright, the negro comedian, who for several seasons was connected with the house, and who is now dying of consumption, and is in a destitute condition, will be tendered a benefit Feb. 27. Manager Enochs giving the house and the company free of all charge.

BILLY WOFLEY, Tommy Brennan, George Lewis, and Dennie Costigan desire to return thanks through THE CLIPPER to Archie Stalker of Hartford, Ct., for favors extended upon the occasion of the benefit there of the two last-named.

THE COLISEUM THEATRE, Kansas City, Mo., is now successfully running under the management of H. D. Clark. Performers are wanted. Mr. Clark announces that his new theatre, now in course of erection, will be completed May 1. See card.

MAY FISK'S BLONDES' reception in Brockton is noticed in her card elsewhere. Burlesque and specialty people are wanted. They perform in Woonsocket, R. I., Feb. 25, Milford, Mass., 26.

A LIST of Harry G. Richmond's acts is published in his card in this issue. They include "Epitaphs," "Dime-novel Notices," and several jointly with Von Boyle, of which latter "Beware of Tramps" is now a strong feature of the performances at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS at Conley's Varieties, St. Paul, Minn., continues good. Winnie Barteau, clog and jig-dancer, opened Feb. 19..... At Col. Knauff's Theatre good audiences attended the performances of Miss Ida Vincent, joined 16 and Jennie Watt 17. Both are vocalists. The Collins Brothers open 24.

MLLE. OLYMPIA and Mons. Henry De King, Harry Clarke, Master Barney, John and Jas. Russell, Rita Keller, Paddy Murphy, Louise Murio, Chas. H. Stanley, McConnin and Reagan, and W. N. Griffith and Belle Norton appeared at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 23, on which date the Russells, Rita Keller, Paddy Murphy, Chas. H. Stanley, and McConnin and Reagan closed. Business satisfactory. John, Lottie and Clarence Burton, Lamont and Ducrow, Kearney and Powers, and Fegan and Fenton open Feb. 24. "W. S. S. Pinafore," a parody on "H. M. S. Pinafore," will be produced March 3.

GOLDIE CLARK and Chas. O'Brien were new end-men in the minstrel first-part at the Theatre Comique, Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, where business was from "fair to middling." The other new people Feb. 17 were Hugo, who balanced a variety of articles on his nose; John M. Turner in banjo specialties; P. C. Foy, Irish vocalist; Weston and West in a musical act; the Carleton Sisters, musical change artists; and Clark appeared with his partner Kennedy in breaknock song-and-dance business, and Chas. O'Brien with his brother Thomas in a clowning act. Billed for 24: Mlle. Lucille's Blondes, Nellie Abbott, Miss Lavinia, Georgie Melnotte, the Devere Brothers, John B. Wills and May Adams, Roselle and Prof. H. J. Campbell.

MLLE. FANCHON'S PARISIAN FOLLY COMPANY open at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Feb. 24, for one week.

IN NEW HAVEN, Ct., at the Tivoli, the arrivals Feb. 17 were Lottie Wentworth and Frank Lum. ..... At the Winter Garden the Moore Sisters, Frank and Clara Mara, and Blackford and Bye were the newcomers.

FOR THE WEEK ending Feb. 22 the attractions at the International Comique, Philadelphia, were Master Barney, Harry Clarke, John Williams, Charles H. Stanley, McConnin and Reagan, Rita Keller, who made an immense hit in her serio-comic songs, John and James Russell, and Lou Vavasour. Business fair. John Williams, Chas. H. Stanley, Rita Keller, and the Russells closed on the above date. The arrivals Feb. 24 will be John, Lottie and Clarence Burton, Lamont and Ducrow, and Kearney and Powers.

THE GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., was somewhat effected the past week by an opposition attraction, yet did a remunerative business. The departures Feb. 22 were H. J. Campbell, Mlle. Lucille, and Nellie Abbott, to Williamsburg; Novissimo and Donati, to Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, to Rochester; Emma Brennan, the Alkens, and Belle Clifton, to New York. To open 24: Belle, Lillie and Minnie La Verde, McCullough and Casey, Keating and Flynn, and J. J. Reay. "H. M. S. Pinafore" is underlined.

THE MUSIC HALL, Portland, Me., is to be opened as a variety theatre, under the management of W. H. Howard, aided by Joe Harrison, stage-manager; Prof. Corey, leader of orchestra; Chas. H. Howell, treasurer; and the following company: Joe Harrison, Bob Dyer, Frank Ellerson, Charley Redman, Georgie Blake, Johnny Rivers, Prof. G. Elchorn, Prescott Sisters, Mabel North, W. Mack, Lyons and Larry, Lulu Wentworth, W. H. Howard, and Vida Raymond.

SELLON AND BURNS in their neat Irish songs and-dances and Lancashire clog, and their specialty of the glove fight, are strongly recommended to managers by Warren Sweetland, pro

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—For one year, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No subscription discontinued except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate measurement, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, condensed form and credited to other journals, 50 cents per line, the same notice to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

FOUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages (GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY), and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,360, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1879

IS NOW READY,

AND CAN BE HAD OF ALL NEWSDEALERS AND AGENTS.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC are retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we have republished the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified.

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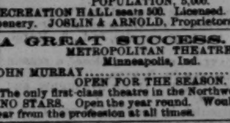

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